

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1812.

Art. I. *A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire.* By Richard Fenton, Esq. F. A. S. 4to. pp. 587. Appendix pp. 75. Price 4l. 4s. Longman and Co.

SOME books—if we may be permitted to use so familiar a simile—resemble a warehouse, well stored with goods, but offering few attractions to entice the customers, and fewer accommodations for the mere lounge; while others, like some of our retail shops, exhibit an imposing shew of articles, tastefully arranged in the window, and on the counter, to tempt even those who need not purchase, and to amuse such as cannot. It is hardly necessary to add, that county histories generally belong to the former, and books of travels as frequently to the latter. In the present history of Pembrokeshire, Mr. Fenton has endeavoured, and we think with considerable success, to combine the characteristics of both classes. The geographer, the antiquary, and the genealogist will not be disappointed when they seek for those articles which they are accustomed to collect from similar performances; and the fire-side traveller, whose taste is not so heightened, as to require hair-breadth escapes, or chivalrous adventures on every trip, will find a very considerable share of rational amusement in our author's company. The County of Pembroke, remote from any cities of primary importance, distinguished by no particular manufactures, affording no opportunities for the rapid acquisition of wealth, and eclipsed in natural beauty by other provinces of the principality; possesses but few attractions either for the man of commerce or the traveller. It is therefore no wonder that it needs a description;—such as take the trouble to read Mr. Fenton's will also own that it deserves one.

At a period of civilization in Britain when personal security and the enjoyment of property, depended upon individual prudence and precautions, more than on the equally dis-

pensed protection afforded by effective laws; this part of Wales maintained a strenuous independence by means of its numerous population. The wealth of its inhabitants allured plunderers; but at that time, when plunderers seized on a territory, it was not merely to deprive their opponents of it, but to enjoy it themselves; and thus what was lost in battle, was made good by colonies of the conquerors. Even after the subjugation of the principality, the Flemings, who were transported thither as a scourge to the natives, added fresh numbers to the whole, and probably increased their prosperity. But slow decay succeeded this period. Trade dwindled away; the towns were deserted; permission to pull down one castle after an other was obtained from the crown; the deserted mansions of the land owners fell into ruins, and in several places even the burial grounds of the former inhabitants were violated by the ploughshare. The love of ancestry is inherent in the character of the Welsh almost to a fault, and the child soon makes the enquiry: "where did my forefathers dwell, where do their bones repose?" Yet so great is the number of extinct families, that the country is strewn with untenanted dwellings, and dilapidated castles, whose owners and origin are as unknown as the worshippers at the cromlechs, and logan stones around them, and the churches adorned with tombs and effigies of as uncertain import, as the unhallowed tumuli beneath which the heroes of an earlier age are forgotten.

Such was the state of Pembrokeshire during a period in which Manchester, Liverpool, and their attendant manufactures rose from nothing to their present gigantic magnitude, and such it remained even towards the close of the last century. But now a brighter period appears to open upon this of late declining county. The symptoms—perhaps the causes—that the tide of prosperity has again begun to flow, are indeed principally confined to the infant town of Milford, and the communication established between that place, the metropolis, and the sister island. These may perhaps be esteemed slight; but we have had an opportunity of witnessing the change produced in an interval of twenty years, and estimating the difference; and can unite our hopes with those who look forward to a restoration of its former importance. It is not however to be expected that with a returning growth of population, the sites of antient habitations will be re-occupied. The circumvallations of a camp and the moat of a castle are, happily, no longer necessary to secure the safety of the inhabitants; and instead of situations rendered almost inaccessible by morasses, or precipices, those which afford the readiest opportunity of access will be chosen by a race

whose strength, whose riches, and whose happiness depend on society and intercourse. Pembrokeshire will therefore, probably, long present the singular contrast of rising villages and towns, enlarging with the growth of its new population; and deserted ruins, the exuviae of one that is no more.

It is evident that, to elucidate the scenery and history of such a country much more is requisite than the cursory observations of a traveller; and we must confess that we should have seen, with equal regret, the task undertaken by one who destroyed their effect by giving his readers nothing but dry statistical tables, genealogies, and chronologies. Mr. Fenton is evidently intimately acquainted with his subject. Being himself a native of the county, his predilection for it is unquestionable; and by assuming the language of a traveller, (whether his journeys be imaginary or real is of no great importance, we suspect them to be a mixture of both) he is enabled, in an interesting manner, to convey information, which, however valuable, would in almost any other—have tired our patience.

The work would have been rendered more valuable and complete if a table of the population had been added in the appendix.

Leaving Fishguard, the place of his habitation, Mr. Fenton in his first "*Iter*" pursues the north-western coast of the promontory, towards St. David's. At the distance of a few miles from the former place, he notices Lanwnda, which will long be memorable to the inhabitants of this county as the scene of alarm and of exultation. The newspapers of the day gave ample and detailed accounts of the invasion alluded to, but were equally assiduous in propagating misrepresentations of various kinds, among which a story of a regiment of Welsh amazons, or old women, who were mistaken for such on account of their red cloaks, makes a very distinguished figure. Our readers will be glad to see an account of the occurrence, from the pen of an impartial eye witness, "whose retired habits precluded him from a share in the council or the field, and who therefore had leisure calmly to attend to all that was passing."

' On Tuesday the 20th of February, 1797, the finest day ever remembered at such a season, when all nature, earth, and ocean, wore an air of unusual serenity, three large vessels were discovered standing in from the Channel, and nearing the rocky coast of Lanwnda, which the inhabitants at first imagined to be Liverpool merchantmen becalmed, and coming to an anchor to wait the return of the tide, or a brisker gale; but on their approaching much nearer than it was usual, or might be deemed safe for vessels of that size, a most serious alarm was excited; an alarm that was considerably increased when boats were seen putting off from their sides

full of men, followed by others manned alike, in such rapid succession, as to leave no doubt of their being an enemy, which, late in the evening, was confirmed by their having begun to disembark, a service that was not completed till midnight; by which time their casks of ammunition, heavy as they were, were rolled up an almost precipitous steep, grown glossy by the dryness of the weather. This was a task apparently so Herculean, as almost to exceed credibility; and what I question much, all circumstances considered, if greater powers, in a better cause, would not have hesitated to attempt.

The night being remarkably dark, it was impossible to ascertain their numbers; fear, and the love of the marvellous, magnifying their hundreds into thousands, an uncertain source of horror to which the report "*Vires aquirens eundo*" of every courier passing from the scene of their landing, to disseminate the intelligence through Fishguard, in no small degree contributed. The inhabitants more immediately within the reach of the ferocious invaders for the most part deserted their houses, and took refuge in the rocks and thick furze, not too far off to admit of their casting a melancholy eye through the gloom toward their dwelling, which they feared they should never return to, or expected every minute to see wrapped in flames.

The town of Fishguard and its vicinity, though a little farther off, yet caught the general panic; and after many useless conferences and discussions, (the inhabitants) were able to effect nothing more than the removal of their wives, children, and most valuable articles for greater security into the interior.

In the meantime, the blood-hounds were no sooner at leisure than they hastened to satiate their hunger, which, from the vast toil they had undergone, and their scanty allowance of provision for some days, was become voracious. The fields were selected for the purpose of cookery, and the operations were carried on upon an immense scale. Not a fowl was left alive, and the geese were literally boiled in butter. They then proceeded to plunder, and give a loose to every brutal excess that pampered and inflamed appetites could prompt them to; but the veil of night was kindly drawn over their execrable orgies, disgraceful to nature, and which humanity shudders to imagine. But what less could have been expected from wretches commissioned (as it afterwards appeared from the instructions taken on board one of the frigates that conveyed them to our shores) to confound and desolate.

Gluttony was followed by intoxication: and here the finger of heaven was manifestly visible; for, in consequence of a wreck of wine a few days before on that coast, there was not a cottage but supplied a cask of it; the intemperate use of which produced a frenzy that raised the men above the controul of discipline, and sunk many of the officers below the powers to command; and to this principally, in gratitude to the Divine Being, may be ascribed the so happy termination of a business that seemed to menace a much more distressing catastrophe. For certain it is, had they availed themselves of the first moments of alarm, debate and indecision, the ravage without much hazard to themselves, they might have committed is incalculable. Fishguard, a place totally incompetent to oppose such a force, with all its wealth, its shipping shut up at that time beneped in her harbour, was in sight, and might have become an

easy prey: nay all the country, even to the opulent town of Haverfordwest, might have felt the force of their arms before they could have received any material check.

But sensual indulgence into which they instantly plunged, had enervated and rendered them unfit for service; the spirit of obedience was extinguished; and every attempt to rekindle it and restore order, only served to increase that licentiousness which actual correction ripened into mutiny: a symptom no sooner discovered by the French general, than he, like a discreet pilot, who, when he finds the vessel will not answer the helm, her leak too increasing, takes the first opportunity, without consulting the dissatisfied crew, to run her ashore, late on Wednesday evening proposed a surrender, by us accepted as absolute and unconditional; and by the French soldiery beginning to awake from their delirium, and capable of reflecting on the flattering advantages they had lost, acceded to, with a sort of sulky submission to the imperiousness of the terms.—pp. 10, 13.

The hill to the west of this place presents numerous druidical remains—for by this name our author very properly continues to distinguish those immense specimens of the useless application of vast power, the origin of which is, and probably will remain, buried in obscurity. The principal are, a rocking stone of about five ton weight, which seems remarkably well poised, “yielding to the pressure of the little finger,” and three cromlechs, one erect and two overturned. The rocks in the vicinity exhibit interesting marks of the operations of the workmen who raised these monuments, and consist according to our author of a green serpentine. Basaltic columns are also found at the headland of Penainglas, and at Fishguard.

A little further appear what our author conceives to be relics of the antient town of Trêf Culhwch, an immense quantity of loose stones scattered over the declivity of the hill, with attendant cromlechs; indeed every step of his progress discovers ruins of one kind or other, intrenchments, tumuli, cistvaens, &c. to which he devotes the attention which they merit. We must pass these without further notice, in order to make room for some of his observations on the history Ty Dlewi, or St. David's, once the metropolitan see of all Wales, and the resort of pilgrims from every quarter, now a memento to the fortuitous traveller, how low the mighty may fall.

It seems that the Romans were acquainted with this part of Wales, Richard of Cirencester's seventh iter terminating at Menapia, whence “per m. p. xxx navigas in Hyberniam,” clearly proving Menapia to have been in this neighbourhood, though Mr. Fenton suspects that its site is now lost beneath the sand of the barrows. Our author seems to have been particularly successful in tracing the Roman road leading in this

direction erroneously called the *Via Flandrica* by several authors, and detected in 1805 the station *Ad Vigesium* (*falsely supposed to be Narberth*), in the direct line between Caermarthen and St. David's. From his description it appears to have been an earthwork like the *Fines* of Ptolemy, another Roman station in Northumberland between *Bremenium* (now Rochester) and Melrose, the situation of which was also unknown, till accidentally discovered in the midst of unfrequented moors, about the end of the last century.

Menapia being the birth place of Carausius, Mr. Fenton gives us a short sketch of his life, in which he is anxious, with Dr. Stukely, to place the character of this usurper in the most favourable light.

The origin of New Menapia, or St. David's, is hid in obscurity, but there appears to have been a religious establishment there, founded by St. Patrick previous to his exploits in Ireland. St. David was born in the year 460, built a monastery in the *Vallis Rosina* where the present cathedral stands, conciliated the favour of the *Regulus* of the district, and exerted his eloquence with so much energy against the Pelagian heresy, that he was exalted to the see of Caerlleon which was transferred to St. David's. Seven suffragan bishops, (*viz.*) Worcester, Hereford, Landaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn, and Margam, were subject to this see. Twenty-six of its bishops had not only the title but the full power of archbishops, till Sampson, in the time of a pestilence, carried the archiepiscopal pall and its dignity to Dole in Brittany.' His successors however retained the power though not the name of archbishops till Bernhard, the forty-seventh, was obliged to submit himself to Canterbury. 'In the list of its bishops it has to boast of one saint, three lord high treasurers, one lord privy seal, one chancellor of Oxford, one chancellor of England, and in the person of Ferrar one greater than all—a martyr.'

The episcopal palace, cloisters, and cathedral appear, from what remains of them, to have been as suitable to the dignity of the place as the state of the arts, when they were built, would allow. The latter, which was rebuilt in 1180, though not admitting a comparison with the sublime specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in England, is an extensive and noble structure, and the rood loft is described by Mr. Fenton as the most perfect example of this part of an ancient cathedral now left. It will be readily supposed, that monumental antiquities are not wanting here, though rather curious on account of their remote date, and the characters they commemorate, than as works of art or ornaments of the building which contains them; nor will such as are fond of studying the menda-

city and credulity of human nature, in legendary fables, be without ample subject in the annals of this place and its former inhabitants. Mr. Fenton pays due attention to each, but our limits prevent us from even giving an extract out of his collection.

The Island of Ramsey, on the coast, was once decorated by two chapels; one sacred to Devanus, the other to Justinian, or Gymmydog; and had even a corn-mill. The site of the ancient cemetery, as appears from several stone coffins, is now partly occupied by the farm-house; and numbers of sheep find a rich pasturage over the mouldering bones of the wise and brave. The rocks called the Bishop and his Clerks are only remarkable for the dangers which they occasion to navigators; or, as George Owen quaintly observes, "the deadly doctrine which they preach to their winter audience;" though he commends them, "that they keepe residence better than the rest of the canons of that see are wont to do."

The first "*Iter*" concludes with some account of the lighthouse on the Smalls, erected in 1775. It appears to be a lantern, elevated on eight wooden pillars, and containing accommodations for three light-keepers, whose adventures and sufferings much resemble those recorded in Smeaton's Account of the Eddystone Light-house. The situation is however now looked upon as a healthy and comfortable retreat.

In his second "*Iter*" Mr. Fenton pursues his course from St. David's, along the coast to Milford, and thence across the country to Haverfordwest. In this excursion he skirts the whole extent of Bride's Bay, formerly much infested by Danish pirates, as appears from various works, partly thrown up by them as places of temporary residence, partly planned to defend the natives against their inroads. It appears, from the stumps of trees occasionally exposed at low water, particularly when the sand has been removed by a storm, and from the track of a road, which was discovered in 1795, running parallel with the *Old Welch Way*; (probably originally a Roman road from Menapia to Dale) that considerable tracts of land have been swallowed up by the sea in this wide bay; but whether to the extent, and at so recent a date, as we have heard the inhabitants affirm, seems very doubtful. Roche Castle, at some distance from the shore, in a pleasant situation, affords an interesting object, though of no great magnitude, and in a state of extreme decay, having been abandoned for several centuries. The top of the Plumstone Mountain, which overlooks the surrounding country to a great extent, presents relics of a remoter antiquity, in three rocking stones, and a cromlech, besides several circles of stones, and a large tumulus.

Passing some small villages, with ancient churches, our tourist regains the coast at Broadhaven, of late a favourite bathing-place for the neighbouring gentry; a circumstance that has contributed to the recent increase of the adjoining village of Littlehaven, which is gradually becoming a place of some trade. The coast is romantic and bold, particularly near the great cave, which Mr. Fenton, to our surprise, passes by unnoticed; and the beach, at low water, of very great extent, and perfectly secure. Dale, on Milford-haven, is known in history as the place where the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, landed with reinforcements from France; but of the chapel said to have been erected by him, in gratitude to Heaven for his safe arrival, no trace remains. At no great distance, on St. Ann's Point, two light-houses have been erected, and opened in the year 1800, to facilitate the entrance into the haven. Skomar and Skokham are islands on the coast, principally occupied by rabbits, though also containing arable and pasture land. St. Bride's old mansion and church, the village of Herbrandston, and the ruins of Pill Priory, afford antiquarian gleanings and sad remembrances of days that are no more. Mr. Fenton gladly left them, 'emerging to a scene widely different, to enjoy the meridian blaze of mental day, by contemplating in a new community the social system; the happy result of a constitution nicely balanced, laws impartially administered, and religion diffusive of universal charity, whose every feature bespeaks her divine origin.'

'The creation of the new town of Milford, opposite to the finest anchorage in that spacious harbour, called Man of War Road, is an important epoch in the history of this county, not only on its own account, but as it connects itself with so many advantages, resulting already, and likely to result, from it: such as mail coaches, giving expedition to conveyance and intelligence of every sort; packets, facilitating communication with the sister kingdom; commerce, opening an acquaintance with the remotest parts of the globe and their produce, and enabling us at home to settle the value of a blessing bestowed on this strangely overlooked county, in the haven of Milford—and for this Pembrokeshire is indebted to the exertions of Mr. Greville.' p. 182.

The first idea of these improvements seems to have originated in Mr. Greville's mind, when he happened to visit the spot, with his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, lord of the manors of Hubberstone and Pill, in the year 1784. In 1790 an act of parliament was obtained, "enabling Sir William Hamilton, his heirs and assigns, to set out legal quays, establish markets, make docks at the east and west limits of Pill farms, in the parish of Stainton; to make roads and avenues to the same, and to regulate the police of the said port and markets, and

thereby enable the mails to go regularly to Waterford from Milford." The execution of this plan fell to the care of Mr. Greville, aided by such funds as Sir William Hamilton thought proper to allot to its execution.

'A capital inn, or large hotel, suggested itself as the first thing necessary; and was immediately erected, to accommodate the mail coaches and packets, whose passengers supplied it with customers. A town was then planned, and the ground laid out in regular allotments, which were eagerly applied for and built on, so that in very few years, such was its progressive enlargement, that something more than the skeletons of streets met the eye, where now some handsome public and private buildings occur, and the whole begins to assume an air of neatness and consequence: increasing population begot a market, and an accession of trade a custom-house.' pp. 183, 184.

With the permission of the Trinity-House, lights have been erected, according to Captain Huddart's plans, whereby vessels may enter the harbour at all times in safety. A dock-yard has been established, in which, under Mr. Barallier's superintendence, several ships of war have been built. The southern whale-fishery, notwithstanding the discouraging influence of the present regulations and bounties, has been carried on from Milford with success; particularly by an American family, the Starbucks: our author, however, doubts whether it can continue. An observatory has been fitted up, under the direction of Mr. Firminger; and batteries to defend the works have been erected.

'The town is laid out according to a regular plan, and is to consist of a certain number of streets, from east to west, parallel to each other, to be intersected by others at right angles; and all the houses already built have a reference to it. There are three lines of street already begun to be built on, and are filling very fast. The church placed at the extremity of the lower row of houses, open to the haven, with reference to its present extent, is supposed to mark the centre of the intended length of the town; but not a house is yet built to the eastward of it. It is a handsome building, consisting of a nave and chancel, with a vaulted roof, groined, and side-aisles separated from the nave by two rows of columns. The chancel is ornamented with painted glass, as are the other windows, in the most appropriate manner. There is a neat gallery, containing a new and well-proportioned organ with barrels. The intended baptismal font was a vase of red porphyry, brought from Egypt by the learned Dr. Pocock; near which the truck of the mainmast of the *L'Orient*, of one hundred and twenty guns, that bore the French admiral's flag at the battle of the Nile, and was sawed off after she blew up, by Sir Samuel Hood, is placed, as a memorial of the First of August. . . . Some people having been heard to throw out objections to the use of an Egyptian vase (which, for aught that can be known, might have ministered to profane rites) for admitting infants into the church of Christ, an elegant vase of Derbyshire marble, to serve as the baptismal font, is set up, exactly opposite to the objectionable por-

phyry, which is to continue in its place, as a cenotaph to Lord Nelson. . . . The consecration took place on Friday the 14th of October, 1808; and the chapel has been liberally endowed by the founder, and is about to be augmented by Queen Anne's bounty.' pp. 188, 189.

The old chapel is now converted into a powder-magazine, though the greater part is in ruins. A mail coach arrives, by way of Bristol, every day; and five packets are established, to keep up the communication with Waterford.

Taking the road by Stainton, and Rô's Market, once a considerable town, but now a wretched village, Mr. Fenton arrives at Haverfordwest, the first town of the county, if population be considered, and probably a principal colony of the Flemings, whose possessions were called "Little England beyond Wales," an appellation not yet wholly forgotten by the inhabitants.

'Here,' says our author, 'at the extreme limits of the province, said to have been particularly assigned to them, may naturally be expected some account of the settlement of the Flemings, and here I had proposed to introduce it; flattering myself that, to furnish the history of that event, I should not have wanted ample documents; but when I came to search for them, I found the materials so scanty, as to be compressed in the compass of a dozen lines, that neither William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Camden, nor the Welch Chronicle, were able to dilate into more, or essentially vary; the substance of which is briefly this: "Henry the First, as well as William his father, out of respect to his queen, Maud, who was daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, having admitted into England a great number of Flemings, who, by the inundations in their own country, were compelled to seek new habitations, and whom others followed, in such swarms, as to become burthensome and dangerous to the nation, was induced to remove them from the north of England, the place of their first footing, to a part of Pembrokeshire, already taken possession of by the Normans, under Arnulph de Montgomery, about Pembroke, Tenby, and Roos, where they could not fail to prove a formidable accession to the power already employed to harass and subdue the Welsh."

'This is all the meagre record we have left of this transaction, in gross: we have nothing in detail, either as to the manner of their arrival, the nature of their settlement, or the number and quality of their leaders. pp. 201, 203.

If we are not mistaken, traces of the aborigines of these colonists are still discoverable in the district called Cleveland, in Yorkshire, the inhabitants of which are very distinct in dialect, manners, and features, from their neighbours; and, if our information be correct, pretty closely resemble the English of South Wales.

The town of Haverfordwest was formerly fortified, and defended by a strong castle, of which little more than the keep remains; and this is now converted into a county gaol; a practice which Mr. Fenton recommends, as it would tend to pre-

serve the ruins of our antient buildings, and furnish places of confinement at a small expence. We apprehend, however, that a Howard would be by no means satisfied with the prison in question. It is not without horror that we recollect the manner in which, when we visited it, debtors, felons, and lunatics, were assembled within its walls. A far different impression was produced by its counterpart, the new town gaol, which appeared to possess every requisite that could be desired; and was not the less pleasing, from being then occupied by only a single delinquent. We notice it thus particularly, from having perceived that it is omitted in a recent work on the prisons of the kingdom.

The town contains three churches; and at the commencement of the marshes below it are the ruins of a priory of black canons, founded by Robert de Hwlfordd, first lord of Haverfordwest, which form an interesting and beautiful object in the prospect from the public walk on the brow of the hill, called there "the Parade." The trade is, unfortunately, very inconsiderable, owing, in part, to the rapid rising of Milford. This, however, will probably be only a temporary depression; and, at no far distant period, manufactures which have been attempted without success, may flourish under the advantages which the situation undoubtedly presents. The suburb of Prendergast, and the adjacent village of Haroldstone, have little to attract the notice of the traveller.

Mr. Fenton, in his third "*Iter*," is occupied with the objects on the banks of the river descending towards Milford-haven: the first, of any importance, is Bullston, once a large mansion.

'It was backed with extensive woods, some veterans of noble growth still remaining, which tradition represents as having been of such extent, so entangled and so foresty, that it became the harbour of wild beasts, and was infested by a basilisk, a creature that is fabled to kill, if it first sees, or to die instantly, if first seen; and that one of the ancient possessors of this place, by a stratagem of inclosing himself in a cask, had himself rolled into the thick of the wood, where, through a hole in the cask, he first espied the monster, causing it to perish; and that ever after, the family bore for their crest a wyvern, with the label, "*gardez-vous*," issuing from its mouth.' pp. 232, 233.

This knight of the tub, whom we have to thank that the roads may be passed at present in safety, without the protection of a wooden great coat, was of the Wogan family, which has since removed to Norfolk.

In the church of Langwn, the effigy of a hero of the De La Roch family, is introduced to our author as Mrs. Dolly Roch, by the female Cicerone of the place; a species of mistake by no means unusual among antiquarians. Carew Castle, one of

the most magnificent piles in the county, affords a more unequivocal record of the dignity of its founder, than any monumental sculpture.

Here Sir Rhys ap Thomas held a tournament, in honour of his being admitted companion of the order of the Garter. A long and curious account is extracted from the Cambrian Register, to which we must refer our readers.

The fourth "*Iter*" commences at the coal-quay of Cresswell, and proceeds down the haven, as far as the fort, 'a work left unfinished, to excite a reproach that it was ever begun, and to remain a monument of the scandalous waste of public money; as from it could not be seen that part of the harbour capacious enough to have held the whole navy of France, and so situate, in other respects, as to be commanded by all the ground adjoining it.' After visiting some of the villages in the vicinity, Mr. Fenton returns with the tide up the harbour, and entering the eastern Cleddau, visits Picton Castle, the seat of Lord Milford, and deservedly the pride of the neighbourhood. Our author's panegyric displays so much of the true Welsh character, that we cannot refrain from transcribing it.—

'It would be an insult to Picton Castle, to estimate its consequence and its beauties, by a scale employed to measure modern villas, the work of a Brown or a Nash, by a few formal clumps, disposed so as to admit a glimpse of a distant horse-pond, the ruins of a windmill, a kennel in the mask of a church, and bits of Gothic, injudiciously stuck here and there, like patches on the face, producing deformity. If such things constitute a fine place, every mushroom citizen of yesterday may command them, as well as the first peer of the realm. But Picton Castle owes its beauties to circumstances, that wealth cannot supply, or titles confer; circumstances, that age, and an unbroken line of ancestry in its possessors, have given value to, and have made venerable: an ancient structure, that nothing can so much disfigure, as an attempt to modernize and make less so; a castle (and I believe a solitary instance) never forfeited, never deserted, never vacant; that never knew a melancholy blank in its want of a master, from whose walls hospitality was never exiled, and whose governors might be said to have been hereditary; a castle in the midst of possessions and forests coëval with itself, and proudly looking down over a spacious domain on woods of every after growth to an inland sea, bounding its property and its prospect beyond them, for such is Picton Castle.'—pp. 277, 278.

It appears to have been the earliest settlement of the Norman followers of Arnulph de Montgomery, consequently contemporary with William Rufus, since which time it has always been inhabited. During the civil wars Sir Richard Phillips garrisoned it for the king, and Mr. Fenton is very anxious to defend his memory from a report, founded, as he says, on no higher authority than some lines in Hudibras, "that the loyalist was lugged out by the ears through a window of his castle."

The fact was this: in the lower story of one of the bastions was the nursery in those days, having a small window in it, still existing, at which the maid was standing with Sir Erasmus Philipps, then an infant, in her arms, when a trooper of the parliament forces approached it with a letter, to receive which she opened the window; and whilst she stretched forward, the soldier, lifting himself up on his stirrups, snatched the infant from her arms, and threatened to put him to death if the castle was not surrendered, which, to save the child, was complied with.'

Slebech, a little farther up the river, was formerly a commandery of the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, probably instituted as early as the twelfth century. Of the edifices, nothing but the church, which contains several monuments and inscriptions, is extant; the present hall occupying the site of the old commandery.

The opposite side of the river was supposed to contain great mineral riches, and attempts were made to get at them by Mr. Knox; but his labours were rewarded by nothing but coal, which could not be raised at a price to come in competition with the neighbouring works, and was consequently abandoned. The forge and fishery at Blackpool appear to be more productive.

Leaving the river, Mr. Fenton visits Narberth, a small town, but at present pretty rapidly increasing, owing to the facilities of communication afforded by the daily mail passing through it. The ruins of the castle, which was once the seat of the Perrott family, are small, but picturesque.

Lawhaden Castle, on the road to Haverfordwest, is also an object of beauty, but will hardly remain so long, if the wanton dilapidations to which it is exposed, for the purpose of mending the roads, be not restrained. Wiston, the residence of the Wogans, is merely discernible.

After resting at Haverfordwest our author directs his course in his fifth *Iter* towards the source of the western Cleddau, and returns by way of the mountains. Touching the end of the Plumstone ridge at the romantic rocky pass of Trefgarn, he proceeds to the village of Ford, where the remains of a bath, still visible when our author visited the spot, were discovered in 1806; and, at no great distance, traces of a small Roman encampment. The Roman station, *Ad Vicesimum*, lies "about a mile to the north-east of the church of Ambleston." "It is almost a perfect square, its sides measuring about two hundred and sixty feet each. It lies east south east, by west north west," and the Roman road appears to have passed, as usual, through the centre. The popular name of the spot is Castle Flemish, probably from its having been occupied by the Flemish, at the time of their first settling in Wales. Various tumuli attract Mr. Fenton's attention, and he relates the cir-

cumstances attending the opening of three in the vicinity of Lettardston, in which bones and charcoal were discovered, but nothing more of any consequence. Passing Trecoon, the seat of J. F. Barham, Esq. and the village of Redwall he ascends the mountains, where his curiosity is gratified by a discovery which is thus described by Mr. Fenton jun.

‘ After passing the gate that bounds the farm of Vagwrgoch, a little to the north-east of the road leading from Fishguard to the New Inn, at no great distance from the latter place, still exists the site, I should imagine, of a rather considerable British village, if we may judge from the quantities of stones that lie scattered in every direction. The plain on which it stood is nearly at the base of the mountain called Moel Exyr, but is not seen from the road, an almost perpendicular and natural rampart of loose stones extending a great way on the upper part, evidently improved by a little art intervening to prevent it. After a circuitous route to enable me to surmount it, I reach the summit, and discover the rude remains of buildings, undoubtedly coëval with the first-fixed residence of the earliest inhabitants, though probably at subsequent periods enlarged and altered from their original form by later settlers; the vestiges, though faint, being still sufficiently distinct to trace the site of houses and streets or avenues leading between, of no very mean extent for those rude ages. I had not time to take the dimensions of many, but found one to measure thirty-six feet in length by ten in breadth on the inside of the foundation stones, and another sixteen good paces, and the stones which marked the entrance into some were very perfect. There was one of rather a curious construction differing from the rest by having the end rounded, and its having visibly ministered to the uses of fire by the complexion of the stones. A little to the north-east of it is a small circular elevation, which I should suspect to be a tumulus; I perceived that at some time or other it had been disturbed, a partial incision having been made in it, but not deep enough to ascertain the contents by.”—pp. 346—348.

On the summit above Cwm Carw Mr. Fenton, with Lord Milford's permission, opened the most conspicuous barrow in the country, and obtained the fragments of an urn which had been filled with charcoal ashes and burnt bones. But though when exploring the antiquities of a country every fresh relic of the kind increases the alacrity of the tourist, we cannot expect that a bare enumeration of them will afford similar pleasure to the reader; we therefore pass them, and various druidical monuments, which our author touched upon in returning to his former quarters, without farther comment.

The next journey conducts us, across the ferry, to the county town of Pembroke.

It is situated on a neck of land projecting into an arm of Milford Haven, which at high tide nearly renders it insular; it consists of a single long street, with two churches, St. Mary's and St. Martin's; but its principal attraction in the eye of a traveller is owing to the beautifully romantic ruins of its

castle, at the rocky extremity of the peninsula. In the rock,—but whether the work of art or nature, or both combined, remains uncertain,—is the celebrated vault called the Wogan, a nearly circular or elliptical apartment, being seventy-six feet by fifty-seven, and said to have formerly contained a spring of fresh water, now lost. It appears to have served for a kind of store-house and cellar for the castle.

According to our author this castle held out a siege so early as 1092, and during the civil wars made an obstinate resistance under Poyer and Langharne, to the parliamentary forces. Cromwell appeared in person before it in May 1648, and by seizing the mills and cutting off the supply of water compelled them to surrender, and Poyer was shot in Covent Garden in April in the ensuing year. The history of the town and its different lords is extensively detailed, and will be interesting to such as wish for information in this species of local chronology, but not sufficiently so to the general reader to warrant an extract.

The seventh *Iter* is devoted to an examination of the peninsula to the south-west of Pembroke, containing the villages of Nangle, Castle Martin, and Stackpole. Antiquities of every age are found scattered over this extent of country. “The death devoted waste” of Drybarrows, a moor covered with tumuli; the cromlechs; the hermitage of St. Govan, with its miraculous couch and well; the block house at Nangle, and some churches; form a series of objects which cannot be considered without emotion. Nor are natural curiosities wanting to heighten the interest.

Of these we only name, the insulated rock of Pennyholt Stack with singularly distorted strata; the cauldron; and Bosherton Meer, “a small opening on the surface of the limestone rock, which, in the calmest weather, is heard through this medium to make a great noise; but when impelled by wind and tide concussing into it, it is known to be sent up in a column of foam, and with the sound of thunder, heard many miles off, thirty or forty feet above the mouth of the pit, exhibiting the appearance of a perfect rainbow.” M. Deluc describes a similar phenomenon, called the *Devil's bellows*, in Cornwall, and we recollect another which is, at times, very magnificent in its operations, in one of the Fern Islands near Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland. The latter is known by the name of the Rumble Kirn.

The principal modern edifice noticed by Mr. Fenton on this tour is Stackpoole Court, the seat of Lord Cawdor, and formerly of the Stackpoole family. It is magnificent though heavy, and not in the most interesting situation in the neighbourhood.

Our author's eighth *Iter* is devoted to Tenby. On the road from Pembroke the ruins of Lanfey Court, once a favourite residence of the bishops of St. David, attract the traveller's attention, and bear ample testimony to the magnificence in which these prelates lived. Manorbeer Castle is mentioned, and the small round tower near Penaley, which, though less important, appears to be as paradoxical as the Irish edifices of the same name. Tenby, like many other Welsh towns, exhibits numerous traces of having been of much greater extent and importance in former times than at present; it however also shews symptoms of being again in a state of gradual increase, and affords excellent accommodations for bathing company.

Mr. Fenton also visits the remarkable island of Caldey.

'The principal mansion,' says he 'consists of a handsome modern building joined to a curious aggregate of miscellaneous masonry, the greater part being evidently of the age of the first monastic pile, enlarged by additions of a later date, though very old and some of a castellated form. The ancient tower of the priory church, crowned with a stone spire, still remains entire, and all the lower apartments of the old house and its offices are vaulted, and seemingly coeval with it.'—p. 458.

Our author here gives us an account of the society of sea-serjeants, consisting of twenty-five members, and holding an anniversary meeting which lasted a week, at different seaports of the four maritime counties in South Wales in rotation. As their rules were kept secret they were naturally obnoxious to opprobrious imputations of all kinds, but according to Mr. Fenton's account very undeservedly.

'They had some striking regulations, which to have formed did them honour as men of humanity, and British subjects in general, and Welshmen in particular, sufficient to silence the calumny thrown out against them by the cold blooded and invidious, who condemn every sort of association that springs from sensibilities they are strangers to, and is not cemented by some sordid interest or other.'

From the form of examination, we find that "bearing allegiance to his majesty," and "being members of the church of England as by law established," were essential requisites; the whole institution seems to be at present abandoned, and the very name hastening to oblivion.

In the ninth *Iter* Mr. Fenton skirts the eastern boundary of the county, making a short incursion into Caermarthenshire, or rather crossing a part of that county which was "swindled away" from Pembrokeshire by an act of 34 Henry the Eighth.

This tour, as well as the next affords much beautiful scenery, much barren moor, and numerous antiquities resembling those already mentioned, but we must refer such of our readers as

are not already satisfied with the enumeration which we have given to the work itself.

In the eleventh iter, we find the curious circumstance noticed, that formerly even the lowest class of inhabitants were remarkably skilful at the game of chess, and much ingenuity is displayed in discovering when it was first introduced into these remote parts; some ascribing it to the Romans, others to Oriental settlers, and others to the time of Arthur.

The town of Newport is merely the skeleton of a decayed place, yet still gives the idea of extent and dignity at a distance.

With the twelfth iter, concluding with a description of Fishguard, Mr. Fenton ends his rambles. This town possesses the best harbour on the northern coast of the county, in population it is only exceeded by Haverfordwest, having increased of late very rapidly; but is devoid of regularity and exhibits no object of superior interest. It is however probable that it may in time, if assisted by judicious improvements in the harbour, become a place of considerable importance.

We need not inform our readers, after the numerous specimens we have given, that our author's style is laboured and frequently incorrect, its defects, however, we own are overbalanced by his acuteness of observation and diligent research. The numerous plates which accompany the volume are well executed, and as far as we can judge, accurate representations of real scenes; Mr. Fenton informs us in his dedication that the originals are from the pencil of Sir Richard Hoare.

Art. II. *The Martyrs; or, The Triumph of the Christian Religion.*

By F. A. de Chateaubriand, Author of the *Genie de Christianisme*, *Atala*, &c. Translated from the French, by W. Joseph Walter, late of St. Edmund's College. To which is added, an Appendix, consisting of Extracts from his "*Itineraire*." 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xxviii, 744. Price 1l. 1s. Ebers and Booker. 1812.

THIS romantic Frenchman has been very advantageously introduced among us by means of his Travels in Greece and Palestine;—if indeed it may be deemed an advantageous introduction of an author, who has written several works and proposes writing more, to become first extensively known by means of that one of his productions which surpasses in interest every thing he has written or is destined to write; for this, we may think, may be safely affirmed of his *Itinerary*. When, however, it is recollected that the bold, protracted, and diversified expedition which that work briefly narrates, was undertaken expressly on account of the work at present

before us, and prosecuted with a daily and almost hourly reference to it, so unparalleled a circumstance in literary history will be thought sufficient, even alone, to engage a particular attention to the performance. And it will justly excite a very favourable prejudice. For the sparing of labour, both in the preparations for authorship and in the actual operation, is so prevailing and grievous a vice in our present literature, that we are predisposed to revere, as quite a literary saint, the writer who brings along with his work the evidence of having bestowed on it a long and costly labour, especially, if at the same time, he has declined taking the advantage of making his work immoderately large.

He is not unreasonably ostentatious of this labour, and might well have been allowed to refer to it in terms of greater parade than the following :

‘ I have no wish to make a vain display of my exertions, insignificant as they have been : nevertheless I trust that when I am seen tearing myself away from my friends and my country, enduring fatigue and fever, traversing the seas of Greece in a small bark, while exposed to the fire of wanton barbarians, influenced only by my respect for the public, and in the hope to present it with a work less imperfect than the *Genie de Christianisme* ; I trust, I say, that some credit will be allowed me for my exertions.’—‘ Not content with all my studies, all my sacrifices, and all my scruples, I undertook a voyage on purpose to inspect with my own eyes the scenes which I wished to describe. Should my work, therefore, have no other merit, it will at least possess the interest of an accurate description of some of the most famous places of antiquity. I commenced my journey from the ruins of Sparta, and after passing through Argos, Corinth, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Memphis, I finished my tour at the mouldering fragments of what once was Carthage. The reader therefore may rest assured that the descriptions which he finds in the *Martyrs*, are not mere vague and fanciful combinations of imagery, but were faithfully sketched on the spot. Some of these descriptions are entirely new : no modern traveller, with whom I am acquainted, has given a picture of Messenia, of a part of Arcadia, and of the valley of Laconia. That of Jerusalem and of the Dead Sea is equally faithful. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, the way of sorrows, *Via Dolorosa*, are exactly such as I have described.’—‘ Such have been my endeavours to render the *Martyrs* not entirely unworthy of the public attention. Thrice happy should I feel if my work breathed any portion of that poetical inspiration which still animates the ruins of Athens and Jerusalem. It is not through any vain ostentation that I thus speak of my studies and my travels ; it is to shew the laudable distrust I have in my own talents and the care I have taken, by all means in my power, to supply the deficiency. By these my labours too I think I have evinced my respect for the public, and the importance I attach to every thing that in any degree concerns the interests of religion.’

It does not appear whether the intention of travelling to

the East in order to acquire accurate and lively images of the scenes in which the supposed events were to be represented as having taken place, was coeval with the first projection of the work; but in the course of prosecuting the adventure, and when the acquisition was made, it was impossible but the interesting pictures which were forming by degrees into a compleat enchanting oriental world in the author's imagination, must have grown into so much importance in his account, that the delineation of them in his work would become one of the leading objects in composing it. Still, the plan must have some one object decidedly and substantially predominant. What that is, we should have considerable difficulty in defining, if we were not allowed to avail ourselves of the author's own explanation.

'I advanced in a former work that Christianity appeared to me more favourable than Paganism for the developement of characters, and for a display of the passions; I added, moreover, that the *marvellous* of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology: these opinions, which have been more or less combated, it is my present object to support, and to illustrate by an example.—To render the reader an impartial judge in this great literary process, it was necessary to make choice of a subject that would allow me to throw upon the same canvass the predominant features of the two religions; the morality, the sacrifices, and the ceremonies of both systems of worship: a subject, where the language of Genesis might be blended with that of the Odyssey, and the Jupiter of Homer be placed by the side of the Jehovah of Milton, without giving offence to piety, to taste, or to probability.

'Having once conceived this idea, I had no difficulty in finding an historical epoch where the two religions met in conjunction. The scene opens toward the close of the third century, at the moment when the persecution of the Christians commenced under Diocletian. Christianity had not yet become the predominating religion of the Roman empire, though its altars arose near the shrines of idolatry.

'The persons who make a figure in the work are taken from the two religions. I have in the first place made the reader acquainted with the leading characters, and thence proceeded to describe the state of Christianity through the then known world, as it stood at the time of the action; the remainder of the work develops a particular catastrophe that is connected with the general massacre of the Christians.'

Such scheme evidently gave an exceedingly wide scope to a writer extensively acquainted with ancient history. As the author himself observes, it 'placed all antiquity sacred and profane at his disposal;' so far as it should be possible to bring its nations, its personages, and its customs, within the compass of such a fable as might be fairly constructed upon the life and adventures of two or three individuals

contemporary with one another at a particular epoch. And the 'Travels of Anacharsis,' and some other works, had sufficiently shewn to what a vast extent and diversity of things a little ingenuity might dilate the circumference of such a fable, without any violent excess of confusion or anachronism.

His personages, he observes, are almost all taken from history; and among them are Diocletian, Maximian, Galerius, Constantius, Constantine, Hierocles, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine. He offers an allowable apology for the anachronism of making Jerome contemporary with Diocletian, and for some other little freedoms taken with chronological truth. And he should rather have apologized for, than pretended to justify, his fancy for exonerating Diocletian from almost all the guilt of the tenth persecution of the Christians. He professes to have conformed very carefully to historical matter of fact in his representation of the manners and ceremonies of the primitive Christians; of the public exhibitions of the Romans; of the persons and manners of the Gauls, Franks, and other barbarians; and of 'the geographical curiosities respecting the Gauls, Greece, Syria, and Egypt.' He names collectively his authorities; but the readers will wish that in some instances he had yielded to the advice which he says was given him, to subjoin notes, with specific historical references and illustrations.

As the work claims to rank in the Epic class, and therefore professes to give a dignified history of extraordinary transactions, we cannot be excused from attempting a brief abstract of the narrative.

It should seem that a French style is one of those precious things which it is worth an author's care to preserve inviolate throughout his wanderings in all the four quarters of the world; for after having been exposed to the danger of a modified diction among the people and tongues of all those quarters, Chateaubriand comes back to commence in the following manner:

'Nine times had the church of Jesus Christ seen the spirits of darkness leagued in conspiracy against her; nine times had this favoured vessel, which storms assail in vain, escaped the fury of the tempest. The earth reposed in peace: with skilful hand Diocletian swayed the sceptre of the world. Under the protection of this great prince the Christians enjoyed a state of tranquility to which they had before been strangers. The altars of the true God began to contest the honours offered on the shrines of idolatry; the number of the faithful increased daily; and honours, riches, and glory, were no longer the exclusive inheritance of the worshippers of Jupiter. Hell, threatened with the loss of its empire, wished to interrupt the course of these heavenly victories; and the Eternal, who saw the virtues of his people languish in prosperity, per-

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mitted the demons to excite a fresh persecution ; but this last and terrible trial was ultimately to plant the cross on the throne of the universe, and to humble to the dust the temples of pagan superstition.—To the heroism of two illustrious martyrs is this victory due: an innocent virgin, and a renowned penitent, were the persons so eminently conspicuous on this day of trial and of woe. The former was chosen by heaven from among an idolatrous people ; the latter from among the faithful, to be the expiatory victims both for the Christian and the Gentile world.'

The translator does not mention whether it is here abouts that we should find in the original the first of those conversations, or debates in council, among the infernal spirits, which, as well as conferences among celestial beings, he regards as somewhat 'tedious and misplaced,' and rather diminishing than increasing the interest of the story, and has omitted, we have no doubt with all manner of propriety.

The pagan virgin, the heroine of the work, is Cymodocé, the daughter of Demodocus, 'the last descendant of those families of the Homerides, who formerly inhabited the island of Chios, and who laid pretensions to a direct descent from Homer.' He was made high priest to a temple erected by the Messenians to Homer, and in the exercise of his office lived many years in a sacred retirement, tenderly rearing, and carefully and successfully cultivating Cymodocé, his only child. In this recluse situation, however, she unfortunately attracted the admiration of Hierocles the pro-consul of Achaia, a very powerful but a depraved and odious person, whose demand of her in marriage her father most willingly concurred with her in refusing, though great danger was the too certain consequence. As an expedient conducive to her protection, he consecrates her, in capacity of priestess, to the Muses. Her merit became so conspicuous that she was chosen by the old men to lead the choir of virgins who were appointed to present the votive offerings in a solemn festival of Diana, on the borders of Messenia and Laconia. In returning, on a moonlight night, she loses her way and her female attendant, in a mountain forest. Excessively alarmed, though all was silent except a little stream, she flew to implore the protection of the Naiad of this stream, and found an altar at the foot of a cascade. The reader anticipates that this is not all. 'She perceived a youth, who lay reclined in slumber against the rock: his head rested on his left shoulder, and was partly supported by his lance; a ray of the moon, darting through the branches of a cypress, shone full in the huntsman's face. A disciple of Apelles would have thus represented the slumbers of En-

dymion. Indeed, the daughter of Demodocus really imagined that in this youth she beheld the lover of Diana; in a plaintive zephyr she thought she distinguished the sigh of the goddess, and in a glimmering ray of the moon she seemed to catch a glimpse of her snowy vest as she was just retiring into the thicket.' It will instantaneously be apprehended that this is the hero of the piece; and he very soon gives indications of an uncommon and lofty character. Suddenly awakened by the barking of his dog, he intermingles questions and exclamations of surprize and admiration with similar expressions uttered by the priestess of the Muses; but soon signifies, with a degree of abruptness and austerity, his disapprobation of her reference to pagan divinities. With kindness, modified by this austerity, he conducts her to the neighbourhood of her father's abode, repeating, in the most decided and laconic terms, his expressions of dissent and censure as often as she introduces, as she naturally does, any of her mythological ideas. A degree of alarm mingled with her surprize and admiration, as her mind, intent on her strange companion, fluctuated among the conjectures of an auspicious deity, a Spartan youth, and an impious demon. Whether it was merely to rid her of all perplexity and apprehension, or whether any slight thought of a remoter possible consequence might have occurred to his mind, does not seem to be clearly known; but he informs her, in a very few words, that he is a plain sinful mortal of the name of Eudorus, the son of Lasthenes. Notwithstanding, when he bade her adieu, with a benignant smile darkening into a solemnity appropriate to his Christian valediction, and suddenly vanished into the wood, 'she no longer doubted but this huntsman was one of the immortals.' But her father instantly recognizes the name of Lasthenes, 'one of the principal inhabitants of Arcadia, a descendant of a race of heroes, and of gods, for he received his origin from the river Alpheus;' and the name of his son Eudorus, 'who has borne away laurels of triumph in the field of Mars.' And being highly dissatisfied that the friendly stranger had not been introduced to receive his thanks and hospitality, he decides that he ought to make a visit, taking his daughter with him, to the residence of Lasthenes, to express their acknowledgments, and offer as a present a valuable vase of brass 'admirably embossed by the art of Vulcan' with a historical device, and once in the possession of Ajax, and afterwards of Homer.

A splendid superabundance of mythological lore bedecks the two days' itinerary; and an inconvenient quantity of it is carried by the priest of Homer, even into the abode of the plain, though opulent, Christian Lasthenes, who welcomed

the strangers with the utmost respect and kindness, but surprised them with the unostentatious simplicity of their personal appearance and domestic accommodations. It is evident that Demodocus was not well read in Roman history; for the stories of Cincinnatus and Fabricius would have prevented his being so 'confounded' on being shewn Eudorus sitting as a plain rustic under a tree in a harvest field: "what," thought he within himself, "is this simple swain the warrior who triumphed over Carrausius, who was tribune of the Britannic legion, and the friend of prince Constantine!"—unless indeed it was the youth of the hero that excited his surprize; but he was not younger, as far as appears, than Scipio Africanus. It could be with no little emotion that two of the persons now brought together, recognized each other; and the inextricable complication of their destinies soon becomes palpably manifest.

The incessant grave introduction by Demodocus, and the frequent one even by his daughter, when she is led into conversation, of the pagan notions and personages, forces a protest, firm and explicit, though most mild in manner, on the part of the Christians, against the whole impious vanity of a false religion. Demodocus, proud of his daughter's accomplishments, had somewhat unwittingly persuaded her to a musical effort, in which, for the entertainment of the friendly family, she 'chanted the origin of the heavens,' and all about Jupiter, and Minerva, and Hebe, and a long series of kindred legends. It was an indispensable civility that Christian music should make some return, and it was the business of Eudorus to teach it what to say. His performance recounted the most prominent facts and principles of the Jewish and Christian religion. The world of topics celebrated in the two descants would incline us to believe that the natural day was much longer in those times than now, and that the human vocal organs were constructed of much stouter materials. The performances led to a variety of amicable remarks from the Christians; and it appears that Cymodoce had an incomparably greater facility of comprehending, as well as a more favourable disposition for entertaining, the new doctrines, than her father, who appears throughout, it must be confessed, a man of very middling faculties, though of much good will. The Christians, however, are not continually reading theological lectures; they rather endeavour to make their religion present itself in the form of practical lessons, arising from domestic incidents, and the solemn rites of their religious worship. There was a bishop on a visit among them, whose intelligence and venerable character contributed to explain and dignify their sacred observances. When some parts of the apostolic epistles were read, he commented with

peculiar emphasis on those relating to marriage, and it is stated that the utmost attention and interest were manifested by the auditors.

There was one part of the religious economy of the place, kept out of sight; that is, the course of penance which Eudorus is undergoing with exemplary severity and willingness, but nevertheless at the injunction, it is presumed, of his spiritual directors. He wears a shirt of hair cloth, and frequents a lonely grotto, where he contemplates the skull of a martyr, and sprinkles himself with ashes. As his character, so far as known in his native province, had been uniformly and eminently honourable, the venerable bishop, rather perhaps from a wish to be qualified to aid the penitent's discipline, than from mere curiosity, is desirous to hear from himself the story of his eventful life. Eudorus readily complies, and the family, with the two strangers, being convened in a grove, with a great deal of formality, very early in the morning, he enters on a narration which constitutes nearly a third part of the whole work. It is disfigured with the extravagances of Chateaubriand's wild imagination, and some of the irksome puerilities of his Romish faith, but it is notwithstanding a highly interesting story. It relates his departure from Greece in obedience to a decree of the Roman government, that the eldest sons of the family of Philopœmen, from whom he was descended, 'should be sent, as soon as they should attain their sixteenth year, to Rome, to remain as hostages in the hands of the senate;' it unfolds the scenes of adventure and excess in Rome; narrates an active military career, in the army of Constantius, in the warfare with the Franks, with Carrausius, and other barbarian enemies; describes and penitentially confesses some romantic incidents and adventures in his government of the Armorican provinces; and concludes with his sudden renunciation of all forms of public life, and his return by way of Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Byzantium, to his family in Arcadia. Though violating in numberless instances the rules of good taste, this story displays a great deal of bold invention, and true poetic painting. The magnificence of Rome, with its pagan rites and profligate manners; the religious economy of its Christian inhabitants; the spirited but criminal and unsatisfying course of life of a number of young men of talents, including St. Jerome and St. Augustine, are described with great animation. A still greater vigour of fancy is shewn in the camp and battle scenes of the Sicambrian war, and in the representation of gloomy superstition and barbarian attachment and hostility in the story of Velleda, the druidess, who first endangered the government, and then vanquished the rectitude, of the young hero in Gaul. It was by no means necessary, however, to tell this story at full

length, in order to account for some portion of the penitential severities imposed on Eudorus by the church and his recovered conscience. The author was very far, we believe, from designing any immoral influence, but he certainly had invention enough to have so contrived his series of adventures throughout, as not even to excite a question (and here it is something more than a question) relative to the moral tendency; so contrived it as not to involve the necessity of a full pause in the hero's recital, to hint to Cymodoce, and all the females of his own family, the propriety of withdrawing. The writer might easily have comprehended that the tragical fate of the barbarian heroine, and the regrets, the abandonment of public employment, and the hair shirt, of Eudorus, would be totally unavailing to neutralize the natural influence of a romantic criminal adventure on the greater number of readers, especially when the story is so managed as to offer every imaginable palliation of the delinquency of the favourite. It is not, however, pretended, as one of these palliations, that he was a simple, innocent, and promptly affectionate young man; for he is made to confess that in Rome, previously to entering the military service, he had taken his full share of the folly and vice of the metropolis, had been excommunicated by the Christian bishop, had been in short as much the rival as the associate of the vicious activity of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and a number more spirited young reprobates,—not, probably, however, so young as himself, for it is to be recollected that he arrived at Rome at the age of sixteen, and he does not appear to have been there long, before he forgot the solemn and affectionate Christian instructions of his mother, and his own sincere respect for the religion in which he had been so carefully educated. The authority, indeed, of that religion over his mind was very much relaxed by the effect of the splendors of the Roman magnificence on his ardent imagination even before his passions were captivated by vice; and we think, the manner in which such a cause might operate on such a mind is well displayed in the following passage.

‘ On landing at Brundisium I felt a variety of unknown emotions. As I set my foot upon that earth, whence those decrees are issued that govern the world, I was struck with an appearance of grandeur to which I had been a stranger. To the elegant edifices of Greece, succeeded monuments of more ponderous magnificence, and marked with the stamp of a different genius. The farther I advanced on the Appian way, the more my surprise increased. This road, paved with large masses of rock, seemed formed to survive the purpose for which it was made; and to defy the latest generations of mankind to wear away its solidity. Passing the mountains of Apulia, and wandering by the gulph of Naples, through the country of Anxur, of Alba, and the plains of Rome, it presents an avenue

of more than three hundred miles in length, whose sides are adorned with temples, palaces, and monuments, and at length terminates at that eternal city.' 'At the view of so many prodigies I fell into a sort of delirium, which I could neither resist nor comprehend. It was in vain that the friends to whose care my father had entrusted me, wished to arouse me from this enchantment. I wandered from the town to the capitol, from the Carina to the Campus Martius; I ran from the theatre of Germanicus to the mole of Adrian, and from the circus of Nero, to the pantheon of Agrippa; but while with a dangerous curiosity I visited every other place, the humble church of the Christians was forgotten. I was never weary of beholding the crowded bustle of a people composed of all the nations of the earth; nor of witnessing the military operations of an army made up of Romans, Gauls, Greeks, and Africans; each distinguished by the arms and habits of their respective countries. Here an aged Sabine was passing in his rude uncouth sandals close to the senator in his robes of purple; there the litter of a consul was intercepted by the chariot of a courtesan. The strong oxen of Clitumnus were dragging to the forum waggons laden with provisions; the hunting equipage of a Roman gentleman obstructed the sacred way; the priest was hastening to his duties in the temple, and the rhetorician to his school. How often did I visit the baths adorned with libraries; and the palaces, of which some were already mouldering to decay, and others half demolished to serve for the construction of new edifices. The vast outlines of Roman architecture, that of themselves formed a magnificent horizon; those aqueducts which, like rays verging to the centre, conveyed the waters over triumphant arches to a kingly people; the ceaseless murmur of fountains; that multitude of statues which resembled a race of immoveable beings in the midst of a people ever in bustle and agitation; those monuments of every age and every country, the work of kings, of consuls, and of Cæsars; those obelisks conveyed from Egypt, and tombs ravished from Greece; which together with the softened radiance of the heavens, and shadowy outlines of the distant mountains, filled me with inexpressible pleasure.' 'But why enlarge further? every thing at Rome bears the mark of dominion and of duration.' V. I. p. 73.

The captivations of Naples are described as of a more soft and exquisite quality. And on the whole, though both his own mind and those of his companions are represented as oppressed and corroded with an incurable dissatisfaction with themselves and all their felicities, there yet appears to have been very little chance but our hero would have sunk to the bottom of Italian paganism and profligacy, if a sudden mandate of displeasure, from imperial authority, had not ordered him off to the camp of Constantius on the Rhine.

Notwithstanding all this, the author is so gratified by the many noble and magnanimous qualities which, undeniably, manifest themselves in Eudorus, and so conciliated by the zeal and severity of his penitence, that he is perfectly willing to have given him, if so it might have been, the tender and immaculate young Messenian. So were the parents and the

whole friendly party, but for the obstacle arising from the contrariety of religions. And so was she; and had soon made progress, in a very hopeful course, for removing this difficulty; for the lights of the new religion were beginning to confuse and dim her Homeric mythology. But while so many things seem conspiring to complete an union which, even in spite of the less honourable part of the hero's history, the reader is become disposed to sanction, it is unequivocally intimated that another destiny awaits them.—

‘O, ye tender and affectionate pair! at the very moment that you are counting upon long years of happiness here below, the heavenly choir of virgins and martyrs are beginning to celebrate an union that is more durable, and a felicity that shall never end.’ V. I. p. 372.

By this time the aged and declining Diocletian, who is foolishly represented as a sort of protector of the Christians, is on the point of surrendering his imperial power into the hands of their savage enemy, Galerius, whose malice against them is stimulated to still more infernal fury, if possible, by the atheistical sophist, his minister Hierocles. In the exultation for having obtained, and in the eagerness to carry into effect, the first edicts of persecution, this detestable favourite hastens to his provincial government in Greece, equally intent on tormenting the Christians and requiring the daughter of Demodocus. At the same time Eudorus receives from the rising prince, Constantine, an urgent demand of his presence in Rome, to aid the endeavours to restrain the progress of persecution. After a number of interesting scenes of affection, and some formidable proceedings of Hierocles, it is determined that the two friends shall be betrothed, and then go on board two ships; Eudorus for Rome, and Cymodoce, accompanied by a brave and faithful Roman officer, for the Holy Land, to put herself under the protection and instructions of Constantine's mother, Helena, then residing at Jerusalem. All this is accomplished, and a number of striking scenes and incidents are exhibited in the narration.

At Rome the great crisis is arrived; and the Christians, in their solemn secret council, are directed, by preternatural indications, to choose Eudorus, though still a penitent, not fully restored to the communion of the church, as their advocate in an approaching great assembly, in which the emperors, previously to enacting the last severities against the Christians, were to grant them the privilege of ‘shewing cause’ against the intended measures. The speakers on this great occasion are, Symmachus, the high priest of Jupiter, who tempers his faithful zeal for the gods with a dissuasive from persecution; Hierocles, who, however, displays much

less of the sophist than of the rancorous and impudent calumniator; and the young hero and penitent, who certainly won the palm of eloquence, and had nearly decided the mind and decree of Diocletian. But the favourable sentiment was overruled, by the detestable machinations of Galerius and Hierocles, and, after a day or two of dreadful suspense to the Christians, he issued the sanguinary decree, and immediately abdicated the throne.

From this melancholy period to the close of the history, the work consists of a crowded succession of pictures, representing the miseries inflicted on the Christians; the devout and heroic resignation with which they prepared for them, and encountered them; the still more grievous sufferings which Providence inflicted on the leading persecutors, or made them inflict on themselves; and the adventures and perils of Demodocus and his daughter, who both, though unknown to each other, and to Eudorus, arrived at Rome during this season of crimes and woes. The priest of Homer had not been able to endure life without his beloved child, and had seized the first conveyance to Italy. Cymodoce had been driven by the vigilant and ferocious agents of Hierocles, to make a sudden and very narrow escape from Jerusalem. She was again conducted by her intrepid and generous friend, Dorotheus; was baptized in the wilderness by St. Jerome, who had now quitted the splendid vanities of Rome for the hut of an anchorite; and had found means, finally, to reach the metropolis of the world, and the locality of its greatest wickedness. Here, for a moment, she is thrown very nearly into the grasp of Hierocles, but is rescued by a tumult of the people, excited by her father, who most opportunely discovers her at the moment of her danger, but falls into utter distraction at instantly losing her again, in consequence of her public avowal that she is a Christian, which is rewarded by her being ignominiously led to prison, amidst the insults of that very rabble which, but an hour before, had been on the point of demolishing the minister's palace for her sake.

Eudorus had become the most obnoxious of the Christians, and was summoned to the alternative of the idol worship or the torture, with prolonged and earnest exhortations and entreaties, however, from the judge, who respected his military renown, to save himself by a slight compliance. His final inflexibility provoked the torture, and sustained it with unalterable firmness. He was conveyed back to his imprisoned Christian friends in a lacerated and languid state, but with a mind sustained to the highest point of resolution and divine complacency; and was received by them in their gloomy abode with a mixture of mourning and exultation, in which

the latter sentiment, however, was greatly predominant. They surround him with acts of devotion and compassion, and join in an animated song of praise to Him for whom they are all equally resolved to die, in any manner his enemies may choose—those proud enemies, whose utmost power reaches only a few feet above the surface of this earth. One last and strongest temptation awaits Eudorus: a deceptive account is sent him, that Cymodoce has been consigned to a place of infamy in Rome, and is there doomed to receive Hierocles, and this is accompanied by a solemn assurance, that a very slight idolatrous compliance on his part should be followed by her instant restoration to him, and their happy union. The horror and hope excited by this message shook his resolution; the soldiers who had formerly fought under him, together with some of the people, fell at his knees to conjure him: he actually took the cup, to make the required libation; but was recalled to himself by the shriek of his pious fellow-sufferers, and threw it down, exclaiming, with triumph, “I am a Christian!” He is soon informed of the real situation of Cymodoce, and of the indiscriminate doom of all the imprisoned Christians, without further trial, to perish by wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Vespasian, on the following day, the birth-day of the emperor Galerius, who, though dying himself of a frightful disease, was resolved to beguile his sufferings, on the very last day that he had any hope to be able to leave his apartment, by the luxury of witnessing the death of his best subjects. In the evening, Cymodoce receives the appropriate dress of a destined victim; and her mistaking it for the nuptial attire, in consequence of a rumour that had been reported to her, renders her lonely prison scene (for all her Christian associates had already suffered) doubly interesting. In the night, the brave Dorotheus, himself a Christian, and attended by some others, under the disguise of soldiers, contrives to introduce himself, as by order of the emperor, into her prison, and while the keeper is stupified, by the ‘wine of the gods,’ bears her off to a retired residence, where she is received by her father. She at first refused to escape from the prison, on being informed of the nature of the dress she had on, and of the doom of the imprisoned Christians, including Eudorus; and she yielded only at the representation of the nearness and the wretchedness of her father, and the firm declaration of Dorotheus and his companions, that if she would not go, they would stay and share her fate, a fate to which they had not as yet become directly exposed. But she secretly retained her purpose; and, after a tender and afflictive interview with her father, who sunk at length, in consequence of her earnest re-

quest to heaven, into a profound repose, she went forth in quest of the fatal amphitheatre, and at length found it, by means of a motley crowd of intoxicated and barbarous pagans, who were proceeding thither, and who reviled her, as a Christian and a victim, as she went along with them. On the opening of one of the gates, she beholds Eudorus already, and alone, in the arena: she darts in, and is instantly in his arms; and the final scene, presenting in vivid colours the horror, tenderness, and magnanimity of Eudorus—the relentless and impatient barbarity of the spectators—the entrance of the emperor—the immediate signs of the commencement of the sanguinary transaction—the unclosing of a tyger's den—and the speedy death of the victims, held in each other's embrace—closes with this catastrophe, which terminates also the work:

‘ These martyred spouses had scarcely received the palm of victory, when a cross of resplendent light appeared in the air, like that hallowed banner which led the victorious Constantine to the scene of triumph; the thunder rolled along the Vatican, which was then a hill, all lonely and deserted, but which was frequently visited by an unknown spirit; the amphitheatre was shaken to its foundations; all the statues of the idols fell to the earth; and a voice, like that which was formerly heard in Jerusalem, exclaimed, “ The gods have gone out of thee !”

We have now no room for any of the various passages we had marked for quotation; and a few concluding observations shall be limited to as short a space as possible.

The author's avowed design was to shew, in an illustration by examples, that ‘ Christianity is more favourable than paganism for the developement of characters, and for a display of the passions;’ and also, ‘ that the *marvellous* of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology.’ So far as this is an intelligible object, the obvious question, on a whole view of the work, would be, whether he has accomplished it? But how ‘ more favourable?’ If he meant that Christianity can supply a more *attractive* display of the progress of human character, and a more amiable display of the passions, we cannot understand how it was worth while to prove such a proposition. If he meant to say that, as mere matter of moral painting, the progress of a pagan's character, the influence of paganism of any given kind in forming it, and the quality of the passions as acting under that influence, are less capable of being strongly delineated, and less capable of forming a curious and striking exhibition, the proposition is surely erroneous. Our author might himself have marked as discriminatively the progress, and displayed as boldly the hideous maturity, of the character of Galerius, as of that of Eudorus.

The competition of the opposed religions in point of the *marvellous* should be a matter of more easy apprehension; but there is perplexity even here also. For what is the *marvellous* on each side? How much more is it to comprize, on the pagan side, than what is *real*,—the splendid structures, the lavished treasures of all the arts, the magnificent processions and rites, and the games, generous or barbarous, of Greece and Rome; and the gloomy forest recesses, the horrid midnight sacrifices, and the fierce enthusiasm, of the superstitions of Gaul and Germany? Is it, in addition to these realities, to include the whole mythology of these nations, when it comes to this proposed competition with Christianity? On the other hand, with *what* *marvellous* is Christianity to come into the contest? In the first place, perhaps, some of the circumstances of its worship in the times of persecution, as, for instance, the assembling in the catacombs, a historical fact of which our author has availed himself to excellent purpose; next the scenes of heroic joy in the expectation of martyrdom; in the social preparation for it, and in the actual suffering; and, in addition to these, the remarkable providences, such as surprising preservations, sudden conversion, and zealous co-operation of recent enemies, and the dreadful fates of persecuting tyrants. But is the Christian *marvellous* to include also such miraculous powers as those of the first age, and not only such things of this nature as are well attested in the Christian history, but also every sort of prodigy that the wild imagination of a poet may be willing to indulge itself in inventing? In our author's hands Christianity is amply supplied with this last requisite for the proposed contest; for he has introduced some of the most foolish extravagances that ever popish fancy mistook for grandeur. There is a silly and monstrous story of Paul the hermit, and his tame lion, and his prophetic inspirations. There is another about the Virgin Mary making a progress through purgatory. There are ill-managed tales of the intervention of angels. And even the Almighty is brought in view as an interlocutor with some of the celestial personages; a presumption rewarded with deserved failure in Milton, a pure irreligious folly in any succeeding poet. M. Chateaubriand is utterly unfit, as an *author*, for the invisible world; he there instantly loses the whole of that portion of reason which is barely enough, hardly enough, to regulate his movements on the real world of land and water; for even in his mere mortal scenes of action and passion, there is too often a sickening excess. Every thing is to be sentimental, or eloquent, or tragical. And not seldom he is all this, even in a high degree; but what is he to do in the intervals, as he has no fa-

culty for any sort of reasoning ?—he must resolutely endeavour to be still pathetic and still eloquent.

His grand talent, as we have had occasion, in a former instance, to observe, is that of painting; and in this he really does very eminently excel. The fair, the sublime, and the tremendous scenes and phenomena of nature; the actual forms or the monumental remains of human magnificence; dreadful situations and transactions of human beings, and the exterior exhibitions of all the passions, are comprised within the sphere over which he has a despotic command. There is too a pensiveness of feeling and reflection, which is very pleasing when it is quite clear of extravagance.

His Roman Catholic faith has an unfortunate effect on many parts of the work, which it despoils of all dignity, by glaring out in so many puerile extravagances. It destroys also, by a number of superstitious rites and ceremonies, the simplicity of primitive christianity.

While displaying the pagan persecutions, we should be glad to know what our author thought of the history of the *ecclesiastical* Rome, its pontiffs, its holy office, and its countless myriads of Christian victims.

All we are furnished with the means of knowing of the translation, is, that it is easy, agreeable, and correct language. There is a shameful negligence in matters of orthography. Thus, Philopœmen is repeatedly printed Philopaemon; Sejanus is Seganus; there are Cyprien, Maximinien (for Maximian), Sebastien, Jamblicus for Jamblichus; Sozoman for Sozomen; Varres for Verres; and a multitude of other such blunders.

Art. III. *A Treatise on some practical Points relative to the Disease of the Eye.* By the late John Cunningham Saunders, Demonstrator of Anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital, Founder and Surgeon of the London Infirmary for curing Diseases of the Eye. To which is added a short Account of the Author's Life, and his Method of curing the Congenital Cataract, by his Friend and Colleague, J. R. Farre, M.D. The whole illustrated by coloured Engravings. 8vo. pp. 216. Price coloured 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.* plain, 1*l.* 1*s.* Longman and Co. 1811.

THIS is not one of those ephemeral productions, which are intended to advertise an author's name and residence. It is, on the contrary, a work of sterling excellence; and every one capable of moral or intellectual sympathy, will lament that its author did not live to enjoy the reputation and emolument which its publication would have conferred upon him.

It was known, for some time previous to Mr. Saunders's death, that he had it in contemplation to draw up a series of essays on the most important diseases of the eye; an under-

taking for which he was not less eminently qualified, by the extensive sphere of observation which he had before him at the "Eye Infirmary," than by the powers of his excellent understanding, and his habits of patient observation and nice discrimination. In the execution of this plan he experienced considerable interruption from his various professional engagements; and more especially from the state of his health, which soon compelled him to pause: he lived to complete only the three first essays contained in the volume before us, and even these had not received his final correction. The remaining portion of the materials consisted of notes and cases, from which his judicious editor has collected facts which he justly observes were 'too valuable to be lost,' and by his own excellent observations and scientific arrangement, he has formed them into a connected whole, and stamped them with a value which, in a detached state, they never could have possessed. The concluding chapter, on the congenital cataract, though drawn up from Mr. S.'s notes, is enriched by the personal observations of the editor, made upon most of the cases, whether public or private, on whom Mr. S. operated.

Such are the materials of which this volume is composed; and it is but justice to Dr. Farre to observe, that in raising this monument to the memory of his friend, he has acquitted himself with a delicacy and propriety highly honourable to his own character; appearing infinitely less anxious to exhibit himself, than to describe faithfully what has been accomplished by Mr. Saunders. Of the merits of this distinguished practitioner, it is not easy to speak in terms of too high praise. The volume now before us will prove how much might have been expected from his talents and industry, had his life been spared; and how much the public have lost by his premature death.

The biographical memoir of the author prefixed to the essays, is exceedingly brief; the editor having, intentionally, noticed those circumstances alone of his life, which were connected with his public character. It appears that Mr. Saunders was indisputably the founder of the Institution for the Diseases of the Eye, to which his time and his talents were most assiduously devoted; and which he had the happiness to see fully established in the public opinion, and receiving extension and liberal patronage. It was in the course of his practice at this institution, that Mr. Saunders carried on those investigations, and established the improvements, of which we shall now endeavour to present a brief account to our readers, and which we think, with the committee who paid so respectful and honourable a tribute to his

memory, intitle him to rank among the benefactors of mankind.

The first essay is "on inflammation of the conjunctiva in infants." It commences with some judicious observations on the tendency of the commonly received appellation of this disease (purulent ophthalmia) to mislead the judgment of the young and inexperienced surgeon, for being taken from the most prominent symptom of the disease, it may lead him to overlook that stage of the inflammation which precedes the formation of a purulent discharge. This primary stage of the inflammation, Mr. Saunders observes, commences 'by a slight redness on the inside of the eyelids, particularly about the inner canthi; they are soon covered with a gluey matter, which quickly inspissating, fastens them together, and when they are forcibly opened, a large gush of tears succeeds. The eyelids tumify very soon; the viscid discharge increases in quantity, and speedily assumes a purulent form, whilst the tumefaction of the palpebræ increases.' The inflammation now passes into that state which attracts more vulgar notice, and the conjunctiva becomes excessively vascular, and of a fine scarlet colour, resembling, to use the author's illustration, 'a finely injected foetal stomach.' As the disease advances, the cornea becomes cloudy, and the extent of this cloudiness, marks the degree of approaching slough, for it is by sloughing of the cornea that vision is destroyed in this disease. This change of appearance is not a mere opacity of the cornea, (which is often the mark of a healthy action which is about to repair the breach in the cornea) but a peculiar duskiness antecedent to the loss of substance, sure sign that such loss is about to take place. The extent to which this will go, generally becomes evident in about twenty-four hours; the dusky portion becomes elevated and apparently lessened in extent, a groove or fissure forms around it, and the slough separates either entire or in fragments, which are carried off by the tears or the discharge. If the disease advances still further, the ulcer thus formed becomes again sloughy, and by the repetition of this process the last lamina of the cornea is destroyed; or, being protruded by the pressure from within, it bursts, the aqueous humour escapes, the iris passes through the breach in the cornea, and the ulcer being indisposed to heal, successive portions of the iris are protruded, which, in their turn ulcerate, and the chrystalline and vitreous humours all issue at the orifice. This is the most violent form of the disease. In its more moderate forms, it still produces opacities or specks on the cornea by the ulcerative process. Mr. S. considers this inflammation as strictly erysipelatous. His editor, probably with more ac-

curacy, regards it as the acute inflammation of mucous membranes.

The mode of treatment which Mr. S. has laid down for the various stages of this formidable disease, appears to us to be marked with great accuracy and discrimination.

‘Setting out on the principle, that the destruction of the eye is accomplished by a mortification of the whole or a part of the cornea, or that vision is impaired when the disease is less violent, by ill conditioned ulceration; I think myself authorized to condemn the indiscriminate use of stimulant injections. A strict antiphlogistic plan is clearly indicated in the commencement of the inflammation. On this account, leeches should be applied as near the eyes as possible, and the bleeding from the bites suffered to continue a considerable time. The bleeding will be profuse from the bites of infants newly born, in consequence of the extreme vascularity of the skin; and a sufficient number should be applied, so as to produce the effect of general as well as local bleeding; which will be known by the child’s skin becoming pale. By this plan, the tumefaction of the eyelids will be soon reduced, which is in itself a sign of subsiding inflammation, the discharge will become more rosy and bland in its appearance, and the vessels within the conjunctiva and sclerotica will begin to appear. In the space of twenty-four hours, the danger will be considerably diminished, and the antiphlogistic plan being a little longer continued, the activity of the disease will be subdued; then by the use of mild astringents, the discharge will gradually cease in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, and the eye will be free from the most trifling defect.’ p. 8.

Mr. Saunders disapproves of scarification in this disease, because it is inefficient from the small quantity of blood which is thus obtained, and in the active stage of the inflammation is always injurious, and aggravates the symptoms. In the subsequent stage, when the active inflammation has subsided, but the conjunctiva remains turgid with blood, he still thinks it improper; for if there be either ulceration or sloughing, it must interrupt the restorative process which is about to commence. Such is the mode of treatment to be pursued while the inflammation is active, and no disorganization has taken place. If the sloughing process has commenced, and the mortified portion of the cornea is about to separate, the inflammation has become moderate, and astringent applications must now be employed. Gentle ones succeed best; and Mr. S. generally preferred a solution of alum in distilled water, containing from two to six grains in each ounce. At this stage of the disease it is of the utmost importance that the condition of the eye should be determined by frequent examination; for if the ulcer of the cornea should again become sloughy, after the separation of the dead part, the tonic plan of treatment must be instantly adopted. Mr. Saunders preferred the extractum

cinchonæ, on account of its convenient form, and he observes that he has given six grains of it every four hours in this stage of the disease, to an infant of a month old, with the happiest effect; the sloughy surface has ceased to spread, it has become healthy, and granulation has rapidly succeeded. The appearances of the eye, in these different states, are described by Mr. S. with a precision, which proves his great accuracy of observation. The sloughy surface is 'cindery, ragged, flacculent; whereas the healing surface is besmeared with lymph, which adheres firmly to the surface on which it is poured out; a halo of lymph, deposited in the lamina of the cornea, surrounds the ulcer, and vessels advance towards it from the sclerotica, and may be seen, as it were, running into the lymph.' When the eye has once assumed this appearance, it may be pronounced out of danger.

We have been the more full in our account of this valuable Essay, because the disease to which it relates is of very frequent occurrence, and often proves fatal to the delicate structure of the eye. We may add that we have never met with a more perfect essay upon any disease; and if it produces the improvement which it ought to do, in the treatment of the disease, we may venture to predict that blindness will rarely happen, except in those instances in which the assistance of art is sought too late.

The second chapter is on "Inflammation of the Iris," an affection of that organ which was first noticed by Mr. Saunders, and which cannot be better described than in his own words.—

'As soon as this delicate and irritable substance is attacked with inflammation, the brilliancy of its colour fades, it becomes thickened and puckered, the inner margin is turned towards the chrystalline lens, and the pupil is exceedingly contracted. The vascularity of the sclerotica is very great, whilst that of the conjunctiva remains much as usual; and it may be easily perceived, that the plexus of vessels lies within the latter tunic. The inosculations of those minute vessels are very numerous, and form a species of zone in the junction of the sclerotica and transparent cornea. The vessels disappear at this part, as they penetrate the sclerotica, in order to pass to the inflamed iris, and are not continued over the transparent cornea, as in a case of simple ophthalmia. The irritation, on exposure to light, is distressing; and the patient is much incommoded by any pressure on the globe of the eye, or by its rapid and sudden motions. Considerable uneasiness is felt over the eyebrow, and acute, lancinating pains, shoot through the orbit towards the brain. Occasionally, when the inflammation is violent, and extends to the other tunics, the eye is totally destroyed by suppuration. But it rarely advances to this extreme. The inflammation generally terminates in the adhesive stage. Lymph is then deposited on the anterior surface of the iris, and between the iris and capsule of the chrystalline lens; and often in so large a quan

tity, as to extend through the pupil, and to drop pendulous to the bottom of the anterior chamber. If this process be not interrupted, the pupil is entirely obliterated, or the iris adheres to the capsule of the chrystalline lens, leaving only a very minute aperture, which is most commonly occupied by an opaque portion of the capsule, or of organized lymph, and the patient is totally blind. Red vessels appear on the anterior portion of the iris, running in a thin adventitious membrane, which the adhesive process caused to be formed. This is the usual catastrophe of an inflamed iris, abandoned to the natural process.' p. 21.

In the treatment of this disease, before lymph is actually deposited, and the action of the vessels of the iris is simply increased, Mr. S. recommends the adoption of the most active treatment, observing, that 'bleeding in a degree sufficient to reduce the pulse very considerably, most active cathartics, and deprivation of solid food, will be hardly sufficient to stop its progress.' He strongly urges, therefore, the necessity of abstraction from one to two pounds of blood, or a quantity sufficient to impair the force of the heart, within the first twenty-four hours. This may be taken either from the temporal artery or the arm, and must be followed by the free use of active purgatives, by small doses of tartarized antimony, so as to affect the pulse, and by topical bleeding with leeches, so as to keep up a perpetual oozing of blood from the neighbouring vessels, and to prevent the complete turgescence of those which are inflamed. If the inflammation should be checked in its first stage by this treatment, the cure will be completed, by covering the eye with a weak solution of cerussa acetata, and excluding the light, until the iris has recovered the exercise of its functions. Most commonly, however, the inflammation passes into the adhesive stage, and lymph is deposited betwixt the iris and the capsule, which becomes organized, and unites them together. But, even in this state, much may still be done, while the lymph is soft and yielding, and the ingenuity of Mr. S. has happily suggested the employment of the extract of Belladonna, in this stage of the disease, in which it is a most valuable remedy. The power which this vegetable extract has over the iris, we believe was first noticed by Professor Reimarus, of Gottingen; but the application of this fact to the important object now under our notice, was made by Mr. Saunders. Thus the discoveries of one age, or of one individual, after remaining a long time useless or neglected, are appropriated and applied by another, who thus confers a more signal benefit upon society than the original discoverer. The iris, when inflamed, is always excessively contracted, from the mere irritation of its muscular fibres, and perfectly independant of the admission of light; and in this condition of the organ, the adhesion formed by the organized lymph

would render the eye totally useless, since the pupil, though never entirely obliterated, is too small for distinct vision, and is commonly occupied by opaque matter. In this state, therefore, it is important to dilate the pupil as much as possible, that when the adhesion of the iris and capsule shall be completed, an aperture may still remain sufficiently large to transmit the rays of light to the retina. For this purpose, the extract of Belladonna, applied upon the surface of the eye, is a perfect specific, and destroys for a time both the sympathetic and associated motions of the iris; and such is its power over this organ that Mr. S. observes that he always found it produce an increased dilatation of the pupil even in the widely dilated iris connected with perfect insensibility of the retina. Mr. Saunders found this inflammation to be not unfrequently connected with syphilis, in which case the specific remedy must be vigorously employed, connecting with that the employment of the Belladonna. Five cases of inflammation of the iris are added which sufficiently exemplify the mode of treatment in both varieties of the disease.

The third chapter is "on the cure of inversion of the upper eye-lid, by excision of the tarsus."

After some general observations on the structure and uses of the eyelid which are worthy of the pen of Paley, Mr. Saunders describes with peculiar force and accuracy the painful inconveniences occasioned by this troublesome disease. In its early stages he thinks the operation recommended by Dr. Crampton will be generally found successful, but when the tarsus has acquired an unconquerable inclination towards the eye, constantly fretting and irritating its irritable and delicate surface it is altogether inefficient, and in this state of the disease Mr. Saunders recommends the extirpation of the tarsus.

He observes that he has performed the operation with the happiest result, that it is at once simple and efficient, and that its subsequent is even still more simple, that it is followed by no pain or uneasiness, and occasions but very little deformity; much less than the disease which it is intended to remedy. In performing the operation the circumstance to be chiefly regarded is to avoid dividing the fibres of the levator palpebræ. The fibres of this muscle were conjectured by Dr. Crampton to have their insertion in the integuments and conjunctiva, a conjecture which Mr. S. on examining the organ with reference to this particular object found to be correct. Upon this circumstance the success of the operation depends, for though the tarsus may be removed, yet the muscle and its insertion remaining entire, the eyelid is sufficiently elevated for distinct vision, it has lost indeed an important mechanical support, but its apparatus for motion remains uninjured.

The fourth chapter treats "of some of the more important terminations of ophthalmia," arranged under the separate heads of effusion by a coagulable lymph—suppuration—slough, and ulceration. Under each of these divisions we meet with many valuable observations, selected from the author's notes; but for the scientific arrangement of these detached facts, and the masterly sketches by which they are formed into a connected whole, we are indebted entirely to the editor. Notwithstanding the perfect transparency of the cornea, yet it is susceptible of very high degrees of inflammation, of which one of the most common consequences is the effusion of coagulable lymph between its anterior lamellæ, and especially betwixt its surface and the conjunctiva. Although the opacity thus produced may be total, yet if the inflammation pauses before the lymph becomes organized, the interstitial texture being simply loaded, the lymph will be removed by the absorbents, on the decline of that action which caused its effusion. If however the inflammatory action prevails, the organization of the lymph commences by red vessels from the sclerotica and conjunctiva advancing towards it in straight lines, the thicker layer first receiving them, beyond which there is a fainter circle of lymph diffused around. By active treatment this stage of inflammation may be arrested, and the effusion being checked, the red vessels will contract and disappear, and the cornea recovers its transparency. But sometimes the adhesive inflammation will pervade the anterior chamber of the eye, and lymph will be deposited between the cornea and the iris, varying however in quantity from a line in the form of a crescent to masses which may rise to the margin of the pupil, or even above it, in the form of irregular masses. If the inflammation should extend to the posterior chamber also, 'then the capsule of the chrystalline lens will become opaque, the pupil will adhere to it, or even be filled with coagulable lymph, remaining fixed, irregular in its figure, or very much contracted.' To preserve the eye under such circumstances requires the most active treatment, for if the effusion is not checked, and the growth of new vessels prevented, the inflammation will commonly prove fatal to the structure of the organ. The following observations on the diagnosis of syphilitic and simple inflammation of the iris are too important not to be transcribed.

'In the syphilitic inflammation, the iris is much more thickened and puckered, the texture appears more changed, the irritation on exposure to light is less, the pain is most intense at night, red vessels are seen in the substance of the iris—a circumstance not often observed in the early stage of simple inflammation of the iris, in which patients, from the severity of the pain, are sooner induced to apply for relief—the pupil is not so much

contracted as in the simple inflammation; and although the general appearance of disease be greater, the pain is actually less, the blindness is often total; to which, perhaps, may be added, that the lymph is deposited, as it were, in drops, and assumes a tubercular appearance.' p. 64.

From the observations on the termination by suppuration we shall merely extract the following observations on the means of distinguishing the effusion of lymph from the formation of pus in the anterior chamber of the eye. 'Soft lymph and pus so exactly correspond in colour, that no distinction can be founded on this circumstance; but the figure of the matter deposited affords a ground of discrimination; the lymph rises in irregular masses, the pus maintains a level.' We have already given so full an account of Mr. Saunders's views of the termination of inflammation of the conjunctiva by sloughing of the cornea that we shall be excused for passing over that portion of the present chapter with little notice. We may observe, however, that we were by no means prepared to find inflammation of the conjunctiva in the adult so frequent a disease as it appears to be from the records of the Infirmary. From the 25th of March 1806 to the 31st of December 1809, 133 adults and children were cured of acute inflammation of the conjunctiva, while the number of infants admitted was only 182. Mr. Saunders considered the disease in both as perfectly identical, and his treatment of course was the same; active evacuation at the commencement, and the tonic plan of treatment as soon as the inflammatory action was subdued. He has pointed out with admirable precision the appearances which must direct the practitioner in his adoption of these opposite modes of practice, and nothing can exceed the felicity and skill with which he appears to have applied them to the cases which came under his own care. The editor observes that it was Mr. Saunders's intention to have drawn up an essay on the inflammation of the conjunctiva in adults in which he would have particularly considered the granular state of the conjunctiva which is sometimes the consequence of acute inflammation and protracts the disease in the chronic form. In these inveterate cases of such a morbid change of structure he intended to recommend what he had long practised with success, the excision of the granular portion of the conjunctiva with a pair of scissars, and the frequent injection of a solution of alum, or nitrate of silver to prevent its reproduction.

Ulceration of the cornea, or pustules of the conjunctiva, which generally terminate in ulceration of the cornea, constitute by far the largest class of diseases of the eye, at least in large cities, such as London, and are in the work before us regarded as unequivocally of strumous origin. They are

chiefly the consequence of improper food, cold, and impure air, and hence the children of the affluent suffer as well as those of the poor. The milder cases yield to a few doses of calomel and rhubarb, (not too frequently repeated) and a purer atmosphere; but if the ulcers are indisposed to heal and the inflammation is not acute, the healing is promoted by injecting upon them a solution of nitrate of silver in the proportion of two grains to an ounce of distilled water. If however the inflammation should be in excess, occasioning a deposition of lymph beyond what the healing process requires, then general or topical bleeding according to circumstances, and frequent cathartics are requisite. Stimulant applications must be avoided; and a cold dilute solution of acetate of lead, or a tepid decoction of poppies must be applied according to the feelings of the patient. The condition however of the anterior chamber, and its parietes must at all times be vigilantly attended to, as it affords the best means of estimating the danger, and regulating the treatment. Protrusion of the iris is a frequent consequence of sloughing, and ulceration of the cornea threatening at once the beauty and utility of the organ. The object of medical treatment in such cases must be to 'regulate the effusion of lymph, which is necessary for the restoration of the part, by correcting its defect or excess.'—If the destruction of the part is going on by the sloughing process, the adhesive inflammation must be excited by the cinchona, assisted by proper local applications; if the lymph is poured out in excess, the action must be reduced by bleeding to its salutary degree, when the healing process will go on with rapidity.

The fifth Chapter is entitled "illustrations of some of the more important changes of structure in the eye." It contains descriptions of amaurosis combined with cataract, and also of amaurosis preceding the disorganization of the eye, and the protrusion of fungi both malignant and non malignant in their nature. The account of these diseases is brief, and indeed to have given a finished history of them would have required long continued opportunities of careful observations: brief as they are however they are valuable, and the editor has added to their value, by an excellent note pointing out other varieties of this disease. That form of amaurosis, he observes, which is combined with cataract, is sufficiently distinguished by "a pupil somewhat dilated and still, or sluggishly contracting over a yellowish lens, even in strong light, with a tendency in the vessels on the anterior part of the globe to assume a fascicular arrangement. There is a second, and by far, the most common form of amaurosis in which the pupil is not

only motionless or nearly so, but is also contracted and irregular, and the humors are misty. This likewise seems to be an organic disease, and although slower in its progress than the former, is generally incurable. In a third form of amaurosis, which is commonly called *Gutta serena*, a simple loss of sensibility in the retina, whether it is idiopathic or symptomatic is ascertained by observation on the pupil.

As a symptomatic affection it is in recent cases capable of being cured.—First, when it is accompanied with paralysis of the upper eye-lids and a flushed face, marking arterial congestion in the encephalon. Secondly, when it arises from the disordered functions of the abdominal viscera, but especially of the alimentary canal or of the uterus. Thirdly when it attends syphilitic inflammation of the iris. The first is cured by active depletion, by a gentle but long continued mercurial course, and by a very abstemious diet; the second, by restoring the function; the third, by the specific remedy.

The sixth and last chapter is “on the Congenital cataract”—and contains a detailed account of what Mr. Saunders has done to improve this interesting department of surgery. Until his attention was fortunately engaged upon it, this peculiar form of Cataract had received no distinct consideration; and the unhappy subjects of it were permitted to pass the most important and valuable years of early life (as far as regards moral and physical education) in a state of partial or total blindness. Nor was even this, great as it was, the only disadvantage of their condition. According to a general law of the animal economy, the retina from long inactivity becomes less sensible, and the muscles of the eye, acquire a rolling unsteady motion which not only increases the hazard and difficulty of an operation, but for a long period of time renders it impossible, by any effort of volition, to direct the eye to an object with sufficient steadiness for the purposes of distinct and useful vision. The advantages therefore of operating in early infancy are incalculable, but to this period, of life the extraction and depression of the lens are perfectly inapplicable, the first being too hazardous and difficult even in the hands of the most dexterous operator, and the nature of the congenital cataract rendering the last impracticable in most instances.—In by far the greater number of instances the congenital cataract is capsular, that is the lens having become opaque is removed by the action of the absorbents, and the anterior lamellæ of the capsule retiring upon the posterior, they unite and form a white opaque and very elastic membrane. This change had taken place more or less completely in 21

of 44 cases upon which Mr. S. operated. Of the remaining 23, 10 were cases of solid lens either totally or partially opaque, 9 were soft and opaque, with or without opacity of the capsule, and 4 were cases of fluid cataract.—It is obvious that in by far the greater number of these cases the operation of extraction or depression could not be employed, and Mr. S. merits the highest praise for having suggested and brought to perfection an operation at once simple, efficacious, easily performed, and applicable to all varieties of the disease. It consists in making a permanent aperture in the centre of the capsule, not exceeding the natural size of the pupil, the object of the operation being to destroy this portion of the capsule (that it may not be closed up by the adhesive process) without dislocating the lens.—Previous to the operation Mr. S. applied the extract of Belladonna diluted with water to the consistence of cream to the eye or eyelids; in the space of half an hour or an hour this had produced its full effect upon the iris, and he then proceeded to perform the operation with the aid of the necessary assistants to secure the patient. He employed Pellier's elevator to raise the lid and fix the eye-ball, and the needle which he prepared was small, sharp pointed, and had a cutting edge from its shoulders to the point, and was so thin as to penetrate with the utmost ease. Mr. S. operated upon the anterior or posterior surface of the cataract according to circumstances; in the former case the needle was made to penetrate the cornea near its junction with the sclerotica; in the latter, the puncture was made in the sclerotica, and the needle was passed carefully behind the iris. When the needle had reached the centre of the pupil, he worked cautiously upon the centre of the capsule with a lateral motion, and having made a sufficient opening he gently sent the needle into the body of the lens (where the capsule contained one) and carefully opened its texture without disturbing its situation. By this means the lens is completely exposed to the action of the aqueous humour by which it is gradually dissolved, though sometimes not without a necessity for opening its texture by several successive operations, a fortnight at least being interposed between each. It is one of the great advantages of this operation that it rarely excites inflammation, and though it is more slow, yet it is more certain than any other; when the disease is entirely capsular more freedom may be used with the needle, as there is less danger of inflammation; the fluid cataract sometimes excites a good deal of inflammation. The greatest success attended the operation when performed between eighteen months and four years of age, the editor recommends two years as the best age—The number of operations requisite to effect a cure may vary from one

to six. With respect to the best mode of operating in the adult cataract it does not appear that Mr. S. had come to a positive conclusion; he was satisfied of the superiority of his operation in the soft cataract, but its positive superiority in all the varieties of cataract he was aware could only be determined by a fair and long continued comparative trial of the various modes of operating, owing to the very slow solution of a hard lens in the aqueous humour; he was inclined to prefer the operation of extraction in that variety of the disease, but the editor appears to be doubtful if he would ultimately have conceded even thus much in favour of extraction. When however he performed his operation of the capsule in this variety of the disease, he was particularly careful to leave a sufficient portion of the anterior lamella of the capsule around the circumference of the lens to retain it in its position, as its dislocation and consequent pressure on the iris produced a hazardous inflammation which it was hardly possible to controul by the most active treatment.

A number of plates very beautifully executed and admirably coloured accompany this volume, they serve to illustrate either the more remarkable appearances of disease in the eye, or particular circumstances necessary to be attended in operating. Their value is considerably increased by copious explanations.

Such are the principal contents of this interesting volume, which exhibits proof throughout, of superior understanding, nice discrimination, patient investigation and manly decision. It is painful to think that the labour of such a man should have been closed, when his powers had reached their full maturity, and when his valuable attainments were opening to him a boundless field of honorable and useful exertion.

Art. IV. *Essays on Song-writing*; with a collection of such English songs as are most eminent for poetical merit. By John Aikin, a new edition, with additions and corrections, and a supplement, by R. H. Evans. 12mo. Evans, 1810.

Art. V. *Vocal Poetry*, or a select collection of English songs. To which is prefixed an Essay on Song-writing. By John Aikin, M. D. 12mo. Johnson and Co. 1810.

Art. VI. *Letters to John Aikin, M. D.* on his volume of vocal poetry and on his "*Essays on Song-writing*; with a collection of such English songs as are most eminent for poetical merit." Published originally by himself in the year 1772; and republished by R. H. Evans, in the year 1810. By James Plumptre, B. D. Fellow of Clarehall, Cambridge. To which are added a collection of songs revised and altered by the Editor; with some original songs. 12mo. Rivington. 1811.

OUR readers, are, no doubt, acquainted with the ingenious essays on Song-writing by Dr. Aikin, which first made

their appearance in 1772, accompanied by a collection of some of the best English songs, intended as exemplifications of the author's ideas upon the subject. The copyright expired, the book was out of print, and its scarcity, moreover, having, we are told, long been a subject of popular regret, Mr. Evans, of Pall-mall, undertook a new edition of the work.

'The many years which have elapsed,' says Mr. E. in his advertisement, 'since the publication of the last edition, seemed to leave no hope that Dr. Aikin could be prevailed on to gratify the public by a revision and enlargement of his work. He had declined the task in the prime and vigour of life; and he might now think it unbecoming his years, to engage in a republication of these nugæ canoræ.—*Turpe senilis amor*, the doctor might exclaim, and though we might be pleased to see his volume ranged by the side of those of Percy, Ellis, and some other similar publications, yet he has abandoned the friendly office of revision to other hands.'

But Mr. Evans "reckoned without his host," and was, it seems, rather deceived in his calculations. Instead of receiving the thanks of Dr. Aikin for taking charge of his literary progeny, our editor finds his services regarded as officious: and he may, perhaps, consider the doctor from his conduct on the present occasion, as bearing some resemblance to those animals who, if their young ones are looked at or handled, forsake or destroy them. Soon after the appearance of Mr. Evans's book, Dr. Aikin "found it necessary" to declare, by public advertisement, that he had never been consulted on the republication of the *Essays*, and had no concern whatever in it. Another bantling is immediately sent forth, which, enjoying the advantage of being owned by its parent as a legitimate production, steps forward a candidate for public favour, in opposition to its discarded elder brother.—In the advertisement which appears in the book itself Dr. Aikin makes no direct allusion to Mr. Evans's publication.

'As inquiries,' he says, 'were still from time to time made after the work, the editor was asked the question whether he had any intention of reprinting it; accompanied with the intimation, that, as the copyright was expired, should he decline the business, others would be ready to undertake it.—Unwilling that his book should again be given to the public with all its imperfections on its head, he was obliged to declare, that if it were reprinted at all, it should be with many material alterations, corresponding to his own change of taste and opinion in various points during so long an interval.—Under these almost compulsory circumstances, although he perhaps should not now have chosen for the first time to appear as the collector of productions, the general strain of which is more suitable to an earlier period of life, yet he thought he might without impropriety avail himself of the opportunity of making a new and much more extensive selection of compositions which will not cease to be fa-

vourites with the lovers of elegant poetry, whatever be the vicissitudes of general taste.*

Thus two kindred but rival performances upon this important subject, present themselves to view almost at the same moment, like the two kings of Brentford in the Rehearsal. And thus the cause for "popular regret" which was afforded by the scarcity of the former work, is happily and effectually removed.

But to be serious -- it certainly does appear somewhat strange that Dr. Aikin was not consulted by Mr. Evans about the republication of his work, though some authors, perhaps, would have thought it hardly worth their while to trouble themselves about the matter. However, with such an elegant and attractive little volume before us as his *Vocal Poetry*, we must own ourselves under some obligation to Dr. Aikin for feeling and acting as he has done on this occasion. On the other hand, we are not disposed to call Mr. Evans to a very severe account for republishing another man's work without his permission, because we find it by no means uninteresting to compare the doctor's present ideas upon the subject in question, with those which he entertained at the commencement of his literary life.

The essays republished by Mr. Evans are four in number, one on song-writing in general, and one on each of the three classes into which the collection of songs was originally distributed, namely, ballads and pastoral songs, passionate and descriptive, and ingenious and witty songs: an arrangement formed upon *manner* rather than *subject*. In the volume published by Dr. Aikin himself a new arrangement of the songs is given, with a single preliminary essay, in which he tells us there is scarcely a sentence copied from his former work. We must content ourselves with a very brief notice of these publications, confining our remarks chiefly to Dr. Aikin's own edition.

He begins his essay by remarking, that antiently the alliance between poetry and music appears to have been constant; but that in process of time, as poetry took a wider range, the accompaniment of music was laid aside as inconvenient; still, however, he observes, musical tones continued to be associated with a large class of compositions, to which was given the denomination of *Lyric Poetry*: comprehending a great variety of topics, which fall within the province of the modern *ode* and *song*.

* Relinquishing to the *ode* the more elevated subjects and elaborate exertions of the lyric muse, *song* chiefly confines itself to lighter topics, and especially delights to express the pleasures and pains of love, and the

unrestrained hilarity of the convivial board. Not that it entirely discards more serious arguments; but always having in view a real or possible union with vocal music, it regulates itself in its subjects, and the mode of treating them, by the usual occasions in which such music is called for. Hence it is precluded from the compass, digression, and inequality of measure permitted to the ode; and for the same reason it adopts a simpler and more intelligible style of diction; not, however, rejecting the rich and glowing, when suited to the subject; and even demanding in most cases a high degree of polished elegance.'

We rather doubt the justness of the distinction here drawn between the ode and the song, so far as that distinction is made to depend upon subject. Does not the only real difference between them consist in manner merely? And, by considering the more dignified themes of the lyric muse as appertaining exclusively to the ode, has not Dr. Aikin unnecessarily limited the province of song? If some topics prefer the lofty strain of the one, we know scarcely any which have rejected the simpler notes of the other.

In Dr. Aikin's former arrangement, Ballads and Pastoral Songs composed the first class. But in the present work he considers the Ballad as differing materially from the Song, and, before he treats of the latter, 'clears the way,' by disposing of the claims to kindred of the former, which he speaks of as 'an ambiguous species of production often confounded with the song.'

Ballads he divides into classes: treating, in the first place, of the antient Historical or narrative Ballad, with the modern imitations of this species of writing. He next adverts to that ludicrous and satirical kind of ballad, termed by the French *Vaudeville*, street-poetry, of which the most copious source is party. Those modern ballads are next alluded to which turn upon some comic adventure or incident in ordinary life, such as 'Robin Gray,' Prior's 'Thief and Cordelier,' and 'All in the Downs,' by Gay. He then speaks of martial songs, which, with us, have had reference chiefly to naval exploits, and lastly of the Pastoral Ballad.

'Having thus,' says Dr. Aikin, "proceeded through the different forms of kindred and dubious compositions, we come at length to what I should term *song*, properly so called, which as a species of poetical writing, it is the principal purpose of this essay critically to consider. If language and versification resembling the rude efforts of early poetry be the characteristic of the ballad, the song should be distinguished by the opposite qualities of polish and correctness. It likewise takes a general distinction from its subjects, which do not admit of continued narrative, but are rather the expression of emotions and sentiments. A song, then, may be largely defined a short poem, divided into portions of returning measure, adapted to vocal music, and turning upon some single thought or feeling. This de-

limitation, it will be perceived, leaves a wide scope for particular subjects; and indeed I know of no other limitation in this respect than such as arises from the propriety of introducing some topics, and excluding others, on the occasions in which song is usually in request.'

After remarking that there are not wanting songs of a *moral* cast, in which content, moderation and the tranquil enjoyment of life are inculcated, Dr. Aikin goes on to treat of those which constitute by far the most numerous class in vocal poetry, namely, *convivial* and *amatory* songs.

'There is another fund of moral sentiment, if it may be so termed, from which both antient lyric poetry and modern songs have drawn deeply. This is the Epicurean system of Ethics, which, from the consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of human affairs derives an incentive to present pleasure. This theme we find perpetually recurring in the odes of Anacreon and Horace, whence it has been transplanted into the gay and vocal poetry of modern times, of which it constitutes the prevailing strain of sentiment. In a certain temperate degree it coalesces with the rational philosophy before-mentioned. When carried further, it may justly excite the censure of the moralist, whatever indulgence be pleaded for it on the grounds of precedent and poetical fitness. Yet as Milton, in his 'Comus,' has not scrupled to let the advocate of pleasure be heard, and that, in very persuasive language, trusting to the counteraction of more solid arguments in favour of sobriety, it might perhaps, be excess of rigour, to banish from song-poetry every lively effusion of this kind.'

Without contending for the propriety of submitting productions of this nature to an over-scrutinizing test, we must yet be allowed to express our surprise at meeting in both collections, with several songs, which, in our opinion, are of too licentious a cast to merit the distinction conferred upon them by Dr. Aikin. Some objectionable compositions inserted in the former are, it is true, omitted in the present volume; but we could wish the expurgation had been carried somewhat further. Among other pieces of the *Moorish* complexion, we noticed particularly a song of Cowley's, which if not intended to convey, is obviously liable to be understood as conveying so gross a *double entendre*, that we much wonder Dr. Aikin should have permitted it to pass the ordeal.

A few words follow upon hunting songs and mad songs, which latter the author thinks are peculiar to this country: and the essay concludes with an account of the sources whence the best English songs are to be derived. We were upon the whole, much pleased with this ingenious little treatise, which is composed with all Dr. Aikin's wonted correctness of taste and precision of style.

The first place in the new arrangement of metrical pieces is

allotted to some specimens of the *pastoral song and ballad*. Of songs more properly so called, the first division consists of the *moral and miscellaneous*. To these succeed a few *convivial songs*; which are followed by a pretty copious assortment of *amatory* compositions, occupying more than half the volume.

Of this collection it is sufficient to observe that it contains an assemblage of some of the sweetest flowers of poetry,—not indeed without a slight portion of the noxious weeds, in which every language abounds. It will doubtless afford a delightful entertainment to all true lovers of metrical lore; and will, we hope, contribute to improve the public taste, and excite a disrelish for the insipid noisome trash of which too many of our fashionable songs are composed. In both editions many new pieces are introduced: one of which we must indulge ourselves with transcribing. The name of J. Conder is affixed to it.

‘How bright the Sun’s declining rays
 Glitter on yonder ivied spire!
 How sweet the evening zephyr plays
 Thro’ those old trees that seem on fire!
 Beneath those trees how oft I’ve stray’d
 With Mary, rapture in my eyes!
 But now, alas! beneath their shade
 All that remains of Mary lies!
 ‘Oh! can I e’er the scene forget?
 ’Twas such an evening—this the place,
 That first the lovely girl I met,
 And gaz’d upon her angel face.
 The West at Sol’s departure blush’d,
 And brighten’d to a crimson hue;
 Her cheek with kindred tints was flush’d,
 And ah! her sun was sinking too.
 ‘She died—and at that very hour
 Hope broke her wand, and Pleasure fled.
 Life as a charm has lost its power,
 The enchantress of my days is dead.
 That sun—those scenes where oft I’ve stray’d
 Transported, I no longer prize;
 For now, alas! beneath their shade
 All that remains of Mary lies.’

We now turn to another admirer and editor of songs, Mr. Plumptre; whose performance is at once of so grave and ludicrous a nature that is difficult to determine whether it tends the most to provoke laughter or excite resentment. We have hinted our objections to some of the pieces in Dr. Aikin’s anthology, but Mr. Plumptre quarrels with almost every one of them, and undertakes to catechise the editor

for publishing a work to which he ascribes a most pernicious tendency. Few lovers of song will, we believe, become converts to the doctrines laid down by the reverend critic; who contends for the utter rejection of every piece in which mention is made of Venus, Cupid, or the Graces. He is equally displeased with any allusion to witches, ghosts, and fairies, to fate, fortune or the influence of the stars. Of both rapturous and desponding lovers he is the declared enemy: affirming that for a man to give to his mistress the titles of *lovely angel, dear idol, divine creature, adorable goddess*, is unworthy of a rational being and a Christian; and that it is equally so to talk of *despairing and dying*, if his vows should be rejected, instead of resorting to the 'sacred volume,' and learning resignation. In short, every thing offends Mr. P. which does not perfectly accord with plain matter of fact, and the sober dictates of right reason. He seems to regard the fictions and colourings of a poetic fancy as serious violations of truth; and to be quite incapable of distinguishing between jest and earnest.

"Born in yon blaze of orient sky," by Darwin, he says has nothing very objectionable in it except that *May* is made a Goddess.—"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," affords him much because "wailing ghosts, goblins, witches, and female fays" are introduced. In Roger's beautiful song, "Dear is my little native vale," he wishes the hours had had some other epithet than "fairy-footed."—And in "round Lover's Elysian bowers," by Montgomery, he finds fault with "The cloudless heaven of beauty's smile." But that our readers may be better able to appreciate Mr. P.'s taste and critical talents we will let him speak for himself.

'In the next song, "Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains," Heaven is called upon to shield us all from *Cupid's* bow "He bow'd, obey'd, and died." This line shews a want of fortitude in the lover. The love of women, though justly ranking high, is ranked too high when a man, on disappointment, falls lifeless.'

"Ye mariners of England," deserves the commendation, which you, Sir, have bestowed upon it in the note, with respect to its poetical merit; but I *had* (would) rather not have met with such expressions as,

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave.—
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below.

'A friend, however, informs me he has been told "that the firing of guns does actually calm the sea: and if we allow this fact, the poetical colouring is not much.

'*Bowing* before the altar of love (p. 71.) is idolatry. Cowper, in his poem on charity, acknowledges how wrong it is to worship or give divine praise to any object below the deity himself.

Oh ! could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty, &c.

'Yet even in this passage, the writer appears to me to go too far. He seems to acknowledge the *willingness* of his soul to render thanks and praise to Liberty, but for the prohibition; and the describing the altar and mode of worship with so much minuteness, is dwelling upon the subject, and that with so much delight, as looks like a proneness to it, which I should be sorry to encourage in my own mind.'

This is quite sufficient. How exquisite must be Mr. Plumptre's relish for the beauties of poetry ! Page after page is filled with criticisms equally valuable, interspersed with various novel and instructive remarks on love, marriage and other topics : while 'many a holy text around he strews' in aid of his arguments, and many a long-drawn quotation from Dr. Aikin's former works to prove him guilty of publishing songs which do not convey his real sentiments. We have also in the preface a grave Socratic discourse upon the sin of making use in quoted passages of Italic characters to direct the reader's attention to particular words.

Mr. Plumptre has thought fit to introduce several devotional pieces into his collection, and among the rest, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," which he ascribes to Whitefield, though taken from Dr. Watts's paraphrase of the hundredth psalm.

We will give our readers one sample of the fare provided for them by Mr. Plumptre ; who seems to be of opinion that, if a song have but a moral cast, the absence of every other recommendation is sufficiently compensated

'The night was dark, and awful was the scene,
The wind blew high and loud the billows roar'd
The snow came drifting, and the frost how keen,
The heath, alas ! no shelter could afford.

'Twas then young Edgar bent his trackless way
Ella to meet, by whom he was lov'd,
Whose charms held o'er his heart despotic sway,
They'd own'd their passions, and their sires approved,

'The proudest gifts, great Nature e'er bestow'd
On mortals, sure this virtuous pair possess'd,
With wealth too, were they bounteously endow'd,
And nought they lack'd to make each other bless'd,

- ‘ But to the will of all-disposing Heaven
 Ere ’tis accomplish’d human eyes are blind ;
 For down a precipice where snow was driven
 He fell, and to his God his soul resign’d.
- ‘ Some days elaps’d, when Ella, in despair,
 Found the drear spot that Edgar’s corse contain’d,
 In wild distraction then she tore her hair,
 And in most impious terms high Heaven arraign’d.
- ‘ Reason at length recall’d this love-lorn maid,
 Who piously for pardon bent her knee ;
 She woo’d her dear religion’s balmy aid,
 And never more repined at God’s decree.’

We will not offend Mr. Plumptre by controverting the merits of this charming production, any farther than just to observe that there are some expressions in it which seem rather inconsistent with his foregoing remarks. It is indeed to be lamented that this well-meaning gentleman, who is so totally devoid of poetical taste and judgement, should have undertaken to compose, or collect, or revise songs. In dulness and absurdity this performance will not easily find an equal, except in the obscure attempts of the author to improve the theatre.

Art. VII. *Scripture Characters*, in a series of Practical Sermons, preached at St. James’s Church, Bath, by the Rev. Richard Warner, Curate of that Parish, two volumes, 8vo. pp. 492. Wilkie and Robinson, 1810—1811.

THE slight or more detailed accounts contained in Scripture, of the lives and characters of individuals, afford too many facilities for conveying various kinds of religious instruction, not to have been often seized by preachers of different talents and communions. The author of the volumes before us, accordingly was fully aware, that he trod upon beaten ground. But the sermons here given to the public differ, he pretends, from former volumes on subjects suggested by the Scriptural biography, in being more of a practical than a doctrinal nature, and in being sketches rather than portraits. In treating such subjects he expected to clothe in an uncommonly alluring dress, moral and religious instruction, and to find an opportunity of unfolding more effectually, the motives of human conduct.

As to Mr. Warner’s expectations in handling such topics, he himself is the best judge. We can only say how he has succeeded in the present case; not how he would have succeeded, if he had chosen any of the other modes of raising

moral and religious reflections. Though we cannot say that he is remarkably aluring, or that he has developed more successfully than his predecessors, the springs of human conduct, he might have done worse, in another line of argument. He might have been duller and shallower. We can however pronounce with greater certainty, as to the originality ascribed by our author, to these sermons. Dr. Hunter's biography, and Mr. Robinson's characters are as practical as sermons can be, to answer the purpose of religious improvement. For to attempt to discourse so practically as to lose sight of the articles of belief, is to labour in vain: since all the duties of religion arise from its principles and are enforced by them. Those excellent writers have selected only the prominent features of each subject and slightly touched upon others.

After all, though we do not think these sermons have the precise virtues which Mr. Warner saw in them, they have somewhat more than ordinary merit. Brief, spirited, often beautiful, and sometimes eloquent, these discourses abound, in just, though frequently trite reflections, in concise, lively, and natural illustrations of historical parts of scripture, and in short, distinct and animated sketches of the passions and characters of men. The morality they inculcate, is pure and high toned; though Mr. Warner would have done well to have kept its intimate connexion with piety which he frequently asserts, more constantly in the view of his reader. and seasoned it more thoroughly with gospel principles. The plan on which the sermons in these volumes, are constructed, appears to be judicious. The facts are stated in a few words, intermingled with such remarks or exhortations as they suggest, and the virtues or vices, they present, are described, with such considerations as may lead to the cultivation of the former, and to guard against the influence, and avoid the practice of the latter. We shall subjoin a few extracts that our readers may judge of the instruction that Mr. Warner has here provided.

We shall begin with a few sentences, which will give a favourable idea of our preacher's talent for delineating virtues and vices. The following is the light in which he places envy.

'There is no passion of the human heart, my friends, which it behoves us more to guard against than that of envy, or a discontent at the prosperity or advantages of others; since it is equally contrary to our religious obligations, and the peace of our own minds. One great branch of a Christian's duty is, to sympathize in the happiness of those around him; to "rejoice with those that do rejoice;" to wish well to every

one; and to promote the prosperity of his neighbour, instead of grieving at his success, or desiring his abasement. Nor is a contrary behaviour less averse to our own comfort than opposite to Christianity; it lays the axe to the root of that satisfaction which our own particular advantages would otherwise afford us. Like the unseen canker it secretly corrodes the heart, and devours every seed of joy and happiness: it withers all the finer feelings of humanity, and plants emotions in their stead of the most irritating and painful nature; repinings, disgust, hatred, and malignant wishes. Not that it always confines itself to the hidden covert of the heart, but too frequently breaks out into open violence, hurrying its wretched victims, in the infernal hope of making others miserable, into deeds of the deepest and foulest crime.' Vol. I. pp. 57—58.

The following is a lively picture of the opposition between virtue and vice.

'Vice and virtue are essentially discordant. They can have no allegiance; nor is it possible that any cordiality should subsist between the devoted servants of the one, and the sincere followers of the other. The vicious ever feel themselves shamed and reproved by the exemplary conduct of the good; they are aware how much they lose in a comparison of their own lives with the lives of the servants of God; and they strive for an equality in the estimation of the world, not by improving their own characters, but by depreciating and rendering contemptible the characters of those who are so much above themselves. In the language of the poet,

—“ They sicken at another's worth,
“ And hate that excellence they cannot reach ”

They apply names of odious or ridiculous signification to their persons; they stigmatize their piety with the terms of enthusiasm and superstition, cant and hypocrisy; they represent them as useless or dangerous members of the community, as foes to social joy, the victims of spleen, gloom, and misanthropy.' pp. 22—23

We add the following description of religion with which we were much pleased.

'My friends, religion is calumniated, when represented as rendering its sincere professors morose and unsocial. As well might we charge the sun with being the cause of cold, and the fountain of darkness. Sincere piety is the lovely parent of every virtue, that softens or dignifies our nature. True, indeed it is, that her *friendships* are but few, because she rarely meets with those whose views and sentiments accord with her own; but her *benevolence*, like the light of heaven, is diffused over all. She retires, indeed, from the *bustle* of human intercourse, the great and busy world, because she discovers no objects there that harmonize with her feelings, or can forward her pursuits; but in the contracted circles of private life, her energies are ever operating in the promotion of happiness. She turns her ear, indeed, from “the viol and the harp, the tabret and the pipe,” the shout of folly, and the roar of riot, and shuns the scenes of festal revelry, because she considers them

as dangerous to her purity, and hurtful to her interests; but she ever listens with readiness to the voice of sorrow, and the cry of distress; hastens with alacrity to "the house of mourning;" assists those who are forsaken of others, and succours them that are "ready to perish." pp. 258-259.

Mr. Warner is a courageous preacher, and is not afraid of avowing truths which may expose him to the scorn of infidels or half Christians. Among other passages, we were much gratified with his eloquent confirmation of the doctrine of original sin in the first sermon of Vol. I. and his manly and judicious remarks on the reproof addressed to Balaam by his ass. Both these passages we had marked out for quotation. But Mr. Warner is by no means a fashionable accomodating teacher. He never considers what he may enjoin or prohibit, in order to sooth and please his readers; but what it is their duty to avoid or to practise. Accordingly, while he condemns many evils which are recommended by multitude, rank, and fashion, he requires, with imperious authority, qualities and conduct which must seem very strange to the gay and the profligate. We think it right to dispense with other extracts, in order to illustrate this feature of our author's preaching. From many other passages we select the following. The first is on the duties and virtues of married women; a subject, upon which we do not remember that we have often heard preachers insist.

'My brothers and sisters, it is of immense importance to the happiness of the rational world, that the appropriate duties of the husband and the wife be rigidly and conscientiously fulfilled; for, as their performance ensures the purest and most solid bliss that this world of sorrow can afford; "the only happiness of Paradise that has survived the fall;" so their neglect introduces into the cup of life a bitter poisonous drop, of the most deadly taste, and lasting influence. Indisputable is the truth, that each is bound to co-operate with the other, in drawing tight that bond of union which has connected them together for life; that they are mutually obliged to increase, by every means in their power, the stock of conjugal felicity. But as domestic life is more especially the proper province of the wife; as she is constituted by nature, and commanded by God, to exercise those gentler virtues which have a peculiar reference to *home*, and a direct tendency to render it the scene of happiness and peace; so her obligation to manifest in her conduct the feminine graces of *modesty, tenderness, and piety*, presses upon her with peculiar force.

'Entirely and exclusively the precious possession of her husband, her thoughts must not wander abroad for other conquests, or foreign admiration. Ill does it become her who has solemnly pledged herself to *one*, to seek, by the arts of coquetry or levity, to attract or captivate the many; to court the public gaze, to be the theme of general conversation, or the object of particular remark. The sacrifice of a matron's modesty may indeed purchase the admiration of the cox-comb, or the flattery of the villain; but

transient will be her triumph, and worthless her reward, if for this she have given up the favour of her Maker, and the esteem and affection of her husband. Equally incumbent is it upon her to cherish in her bosom, and to exercise in her behaviour, the grace of *tenderness*; a sweet solicitude to sooth the cares, and tranquilize the perturbations, of the companion of her bosom; and to perform those thousand endearing offices to her infant offspring, which maternal love alone can properly fulfil. Oh! who can speak the value of this female quality in domestic life? It is the precious cement of its happiness; the support of all its charities; whose absence no external circumstance can recompense or supply. Fashion, splendour, and pleasure, may load the married fair one with all they can bestow; but their accumulated gifts will leave a gloomy vacuity in her heart, if her chief solace, refuge, and delight be not in the tranquil joys and tender offices of home. Finally, my sisters, the quality of *piety* must crown and consummate the character of the exemplary wife. It is essential indeed in every human being, but in the domestic circle (if we measure its necessity by its influence) it is more especially incumbent upon her, whose presence is most frequent and conspicuous there. Who can tell the power of a wife's religious example, in converting an unbelieving, reclaiming a profligate, or fixing an inconstant husband? It seems hardly possible to imagine, that vice should not surrender itself to virtue, when clothed in the attractive form of female loveliness, and seconded by modesty, tenderness, and affection; but should its brutal insensibility be still deaf to the voice of the charmer; she has yet a cause upon her hands of unspeakable importance, which imperiously demands the exercise of female piety—the cause of her children. Nature and custom have entrusted to her the charge of their early education; and if the principles of religion be not instilled into their tender minds by her care, and confirmed by her example, they will grow up without God in the world; they will pass through life without the blessing of Providence; and when they are translated from it, will have to attribute their everlasting ruin (O horrid thought!) to their mother. There is a religion of the HOME, my fair friends, as well as a public worship of GOD; a religion over which the wife must preside; whose altar she must serve; whose sacrifices she must superintend; and as the most fatal consequences will follow her omission of it, so the sorest retribution will punish its neglect.

Such, if we may believe the united voice of reason and revelation, are the appropriate qualities of woman in her unconnected state, and her peculiar duties when she enters upon the married life. They have been recognized as such by prophets and apostles; and the wisest of men has conformed their representations, by the following animated portrait of an estimable, an amiable, and an exemplary wife. “Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth forth her hand to the poor; yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. Virtue and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up

"and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Favour is deceitfull, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Vol. II. pp. 104—108.

The other passage, which we had in view, is the counterpart of this, and we must beg leave to insert it, lest we should seem guilty of officiously intermeddling with the concerns of our neighbours.

'It is impossible to take our leave of the book of Tobit, and pass over the particular part of it which has been the subject of our present contemplation, without making a few observations, suggested by the text, on the duties involved in that solemn engagement, which a man enters into when he takes upon himself the character of a husband. It is true, indeed, that the contract made at the altar is equally binding upon both parties; and that its violation, by flagrant acts of infidelity, or by the less obvious injuries of unkindness and neglect, is equally criminal in the sight of God, whether it proceed from the husband or the wife: but it is also true that the obligations to tenderness and affection seem to press with stronger force on the former than on the latter, as many of them arise from motives that apply exclusively to *man*. The softer sex are weak, defenceless, and dependent; to treat them therefore with tenderness and kindness, is the dictate of generosity. Woman, when she enters the married state, makes great sacrifices; she surrenders her will to the direction of another; she submits her inclinations to his controul; and she engages in a life of pain, solicitude, and care: Gratitude therefore suggests, that the return to be made to her for what she gives up, and what she imposes upon herself, should be the kindest attention and the most undivided love. Painful is it to reflect, that, in the present state of society, these motives are but too rarely seen to operate on those whom they should most affect. Founded as marriages too generally are on passion, interest, or convenience, men in such cases are insensible to their proper obligations; sentiment, on their part, is excluded from the connexion; and instead of the generous and deserved return of warm, steady and uniform attachment, to those who have been delivered to them "on special trust," they too frequently "entreat them evil," by systematic coldness and neglect. Nor does the injury stop here: in married life, infidelity is the usual offspring of indifference. If attachment find not a resting-place at home, it will seek it in other quarters, it will be transferred from *her* to whom it exclusively belongs, to some other object; and the wife, with all her claims to the love, and all her peculiar rights to the person, of her husband, will have to experience and deplore, in addition to carelessness and contempt, the infliction of the severest of all wounds to the female bosom,—violated conjugal faith. My brethren, it is no palliation of a crime, that its commission is frequent; the universality of an offence, however it may lessen its heinousness in the contemplation of men, neither alters its nature, nor renders it less hateful in the sight of God. Whether we consider marriage as a civil contract, or a religious obligation, nothing can be more binding, nothing more solemn, than the vow of fidelity made at the altar. It has all the sanctions of human law, and all the authority of the divine command; and deliberately to infringe the obligation which it involves, in

defiance of God, in opposition to every dictate of gratitude, and every sentiment of virtue, is so great an offence, as seems well to deserve that "deep damnation" which the Almighty has reserved for the punishment of the most atrocious guilt. The Lord God, when he formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, decreed, that it was not good for him to be alone, and therefore made him a help meet for him. To express the closeness of the connection between them, he pronounced that the united pair should be one flesh; and to determine the degree of affection due from the husband to the companion of his bosom, he placed her rights, in the case of conflicting claims, above the ties of nature; and said, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." Thus solemnly imposed and awfully sanctioned, the duty of conjugal fidelity is paramount to every social or relative obligation; and its breach, as it admits of no excuse, can indulge but small expectation of forgiveness. The adulterer stands convicted by the law and the gospel; the most terrible sentence is passed by both upon his crime; and the execution of it can only be averted, by the bitterest remorse and the deepest repentance; by heartfelt anguish for his past guilt, and unconquerable resolutions to "go and sin no more." pp. 228—231.

We thought of noticing some blemishes that we observed in these volumes; but passages like those we have extracted (and there are many such) are sufficient to atone for greater defects than we could expose.

Art. VIII. *Cottage Sketches*; or, *Active Retirement*. By the Author of an *Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, Talents Improved, &c.* In two volumes. Price 9s. Gale and Co. 1812.

ALTHOUGH the expediency of making fiction the vehicle of morality, at least for persons of maturer years, has been strongly disputed, it seems pretty clear that, while the rage for that kind of reading, which gratifies an irregular appetite and a distempered fancy, continues so inordinate, the only choice left to the friends of wisdom, is, to encounter folly on its own ground, and to make their way to the understanding by addressing themselves to the imagination. The writer of this interesting little work, who has already distinguished herself in this species of composition, has here once more succeeded in arraying important instruction in an attractive dress.

The construction of the story, although very simple, is quite sufficient for the purposes intended. Mr. Wilson, his wife, and daughter, retire from their shop in Fleet Street or the Poultry, to a pleasant house 'in a village, near a market town, and within five minutes walk of Mr. Gregory Wilson,' the honest citizen's brother, a gay, good-humoured, frivolous

beau garçon of an old batchelor; and it is principally of the adventures of this worthy quartet that the story consists. The rest of the *dram. pers.* are too numerous for specification, but they have each a distinctly marked character, and an effective part to perform in the general business of the tale. One of the principal is a Mr. Nicholls, a man of family, fortune, literature, and exemplary piety. This gentleman introduces himself to Mr. Wilson; and in the course of their acquaintance, which soon improves into a closer intimacy, succeeds in imparting to the mind of the worthy but unenlightened citizen, clear and distinct apprehensions of the real and spiritual nature of the Gospel dispensation.

‘I don’t quite understand what you mean, Sir,’ observed Mr. Wilson, in their first conversation, ‘by the words “spiritual life.”’ ‘I mean,’ replied Mr. Nicholls, ‘that new creation in Christ, which takes place on the heart of every believer, when old things pass away, and all things become new; when the rebellious will and affections are brought into subjection to the law of faith.’ Mr. Wilson was aware that some of Mr. Nicholls’s expressions were the words of Scripture, consequently worthy of respect; but their application seemed to him new and uncommon. He felt wholly at a loss how to answer, and the silence of the party obliged Mr. Nicholls to change the subject of conversation. Perhaps Mr. Wilson’s ignorance may to some appear surprising, possessing apparently an humble and teachable mind, and acknowledging the importance of religion. Yet, in the nature of things, it was unavoidable; for Mr. Wilson had not received the advantage of early religious instructions. He had immersed himself in business, which engrossed the whole of his time and attention on the week days; and when he repaired to his parish church on the Sunday, which he did with tolerable regularity, he heard moral subjects discussed in a plain and easy style; but faithful application was omitted, and if doctrinal subjects were introduced at all, an ambiguity was thrown over their explanation. For, unhappily, Mr. Wilson’s parish rector (to use the language of a learned bishop, applied to some clerical characters) lost sight of his proper office, namely, ‘to publish the word of reconciliation, to propound the terms of peace and pardon to the penitent; but made no more use of his high commission, than to come abroad one day in the seven, dressed in solemn looks, and in the external garb of holiness—to be the ape of Epictetus.’”

The gradual advances towards right perceptions and feelings in Mr. Wilson’s mind, and the effects of religion upon his peculiar disposition, are strongly portrayed, and will, no doubt, interest every reader of a virtuous mind. There is, indeed, throughout the work considerable ability displayed in the conception and discrimination of character. The studious rector—the half sceptic with his arguments against miracles extracted from old magazines—the dashing daughters of the wealthy farmer—the pious, conscientious wood-

man, his active but less scrupulous wife, and his reprobate brother, are all sketched and grouped with accuracy and effect. What least pleased us was the rural masquerade, but there is novelty, at least, in the delivery of a sermon at that species of entertainment. A good deal of interesting and instructive moral observation is introduced in the form of criticism on Miss Patty Wilson's Essays. The author has we think managed with great dexterity to relieve the seriousness of her religious conversations, by the introduction of little amusing incidents, and of observations which, though apparently slight and gay, contain a strong and pointed moral. Of her skill in this respect, the eighth and ninth chapters of the first volume are favorable specimens.

We were considerably amused, we will confess, with the following passage.

' Seated opposite the glass, she frequently directed her eye there, as busy thought suggested occasion. " Well, I am glad to-morrow will be Sunday. I long to see the church and the people. Let me see; what shall I wear?" hastily rising to open a drawer which contained a variety of dresses neatly arranged, " I won't dress in my *very best* the first Sunday, because it won't look so well to fall off afterwards." The plainest dress was in consequence of this resolution selected. " I think I'll wear my lilac bonnet; no, I won't neither, for most likely I shall have a colour with walking, and the straw one will then be more becoming." Each bonnet was now in turn adjusted to the head. " To be sure, at present, I look best in the lilac. Well, that shall be determined to-morrow. Now for my manner of *behaviour* at church—I will not look much about me; it will seem as though I were not used to strangers; and I have heard my mother say nothing is more vulgar than to stare. Yet I don't know that she is right in her observation, for when I walked in Kensington Gardens last spring, and in Bond Street in the winter, the ladies stared wonderfully. Dear, how these country people will gaze at me to-morrow! I dare say they never saw such a bonnet as this; if papa now would but let me put it on *all on one side*, so, it would make them gaze indeed. As soon as church begins I *may* slip it a little more aside, for then he will see nothing but his book and the parson. I shall be noticed and talked of a great deal more I dare say than ever I should have been in London. I will set all the fashions; what an amusement it will be to invent them—no, I won't *invent* them neither, I will only *improve* them, which I can easily do by having a magazine sent me every month from London. Papa told me he would treat me with any magazine I chose, and I shall chuse that which has the pictures of the fashionable dresses." The bonnets were now deposited in their box, the memorandum book taken from a neighbouring writing desk, and the face wore an aspect of recollection. " Let me see, what were the titles of those novels my cousin Susan recommended last time I saw her? To be sure there must be a circulating library in the neighbouring town, and I shall subscribe. Oh! how delightfully shall I

pass my time; no shop to attend to now, another maid kept to assist with the *needle-work*; oh! I shall be as happy as the day is long." So saying, Miss Patty began capering about the room. Vol. I. pp. 63—65.

The following scene the woodman's wife narrating her father in law's death, is of a different nature.

'A short time after the visit paid to the woodman's cottage, Mrs. Wilson observed Judith passing her door habited in deep mourning, her infant also with a sable knot on his clean white cap. Urged by a kind interest in her family concerns, she called her into her house to make enquiry. "If you will please to remember," said Judith, "the night you was at our cottage my husband didn't come home at his usual time. He called in to see his father and mother, and found the old man so ill that he staid with them all night, (only just running home to let me know), and about five o'clock in the morning father died. James had no thought of his dying so soon, for he seemed heart-whole, as the saying is, and he was at our cottage but a day or two before. Ah! he was a good father, and James loved him." Judith turned aside her head, and wiped away a falling tear, which eloquently spoke "and I loved him too." Mrs. Wilson opened the door of her china-closet, and poured forth a glass of her best cordial wine. Then presenting it to Judith, "drink this," said she, "it will do you good." Judith was a stranger to the affectation of refusing what she liked. She looked well pleased at the sparkling liquor, and accepted without any other ceremony than "to your good health, Ma'am." Before she could resume the thread of her story, however, another, and another tear stole down her rosy cheek; and finding it in vain to disguise her sensibility, she tried to account for it. "I suppose," said she, "'tis my recollecting how my husband and his poor mother cried that morning makes me do so now: for it can't be on account of James's father, for I'm as sure he's gone to heaven as I'm sure James will go there himself when he dies." "What business did this old couple follow?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "Our poor mother," replied Judith, "has not been able to do any thing for the last two years, from a weakness in her limbs, and a shaking palsy. She used to go out nurse-tending, and was the best needle-woman in the parish—'twas who could have her. But now if she takes up a bit of sewing she runs the needle into her fingers; and as for sick folk, who would like to be waited on by such a poor shaking object? But Providence was very kind to her, for father was strong and healthy, and able to maintain her: and then she had been saving, and laid by a few pounds against a rainy day. Ah, we shall see the odds of it now he's gone, for there was not such a hedger and ditcher for many a mile round." "And what will become of this poor widow," asked Mrs. W. "O please God," returned Judith, "she may still see happy days: for James and I shall do our best to make her comfortable, and Margery is so fond of her and she of Margery: and when Jemmy here can run about, she can look after him a bit, and amuse herself twenty ways." "But how is she to be maintained?" resumed Mrs. Wilson, "Nobody was ever the poorer at the years end," replied Judith, "for maintaining an old father or mother." pp. 174—177.

We shall just add the conversation on card playing.

‘ I recollect (it is Mr. Wilson speaks) the agreeable sound of closing shutters, and I well remember the delight of viewing the fair-posted account book committed to the shelf on the Saturday night; and now I experience a new gratification equal to both those—an escape from a card rout. Brother I had no idea what a card rout was. I thought we should chat for an hour or so, and then, if conversation flagged, and we were all of a mind, we might play a game or two at a moderate stake, still chatting between the deals. I knew that *Londoners* often met for no other end than to play at cards, but had no notion that such a custom prevailed in the country. My conscience will keep me away from such card routs in future as well as my inclination.” “ Your conscience,” repeated Mr. Gregory, “ what has conscience to do with it?” “ A great deal, I think,” replied Mr. Wilson. “ Who can join in gaming, wasting of time, and quarrelling with a good conscience?” “ You are too severe,” returned the card rout advocate, “ the stake played for could not be termed gaming, ’twas less than usual in such parties.” “ I’m truly sorry to hear that,” said Mr. Wilson. “ You have betrayed a secret which strengthens my argument, for even the stake played this evening was higher than any of us liked to be beaten at; witness our cross looks and angry expressions.” “ Come,” said Mr. Gregory, “ you may except one of the party, even yourself, who sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief.” I acknowledge it is wrong to suffer such disturbance of temper; but then ’tis ourselves to blame, not the diversion.” “ Aye, ’tis ourselves, indeed, that we are to blame for every vice and folly,” rejoined Mr. Wilson: “ the poor cards are innocent beings, but we make them instruments of evil. Admitting that I was good-humoured myself this evening, yet I occasioned ill humour in others.” “ Why,” resumed Mr. Gregory, “ had you not been present, your place would have been supplied by another.” “ And so will my neighbour’s house be broken open,” returned Mr. W. “ whether I assist or connive at the robbers or not,” Mr. Gregory seemed to feel the application, but only remarked—“ Don’t we hear of quarrels in conversation? To maintain the good conscience you talk of, I see no other plan than to relinquish society altogether, and shut ourselves up with owls and satyrs.” “ Pho, nonsense,” returned Mr. Wilson.’ pp. 30—32.

We hope that the circulation of these useful and amusing volumes will be extensive, and that their success may induce the author to persevere in a species of composition which she has cultivated with so much ability.

Art. IX. *The Life of Ulrich Zuinglius*, the Swiss Reformer, by J. G. Hess, translated from the French, by Lucy Aikin, 8vo. pp. xxiii. 325. Price 10s 6d. Johnson and Co. 1812.

THE subject of this volume is happily chosen. Zuinglius acted a conspicuous part in effecting the reformation. Not inferior, in natural or acquired endowments, to Luther or

Calvin, he was prior to the latter, and coëval with the former. With these advantages for biography, it happens that the events of his life are not generally known. Partly from his premature death, and partly from the glory of his successor in the work of reformation, who gave the title to his followers, Zuinglius has not obtained his share of the public attention. As the execution of this work is nearly equal to the subject, it is, therefore, with great pleasure that we introduce it to the notice of our readers. It is not indeed cast into the mould of fashionable biographical volumes. Instead of two goodly quartos, it is a neat octavo; and, except a few brief explanatory remarks thrown into the margin, it has neither note, appendix, nor supplement. It is neither enriched nor illuminated, with extracts from parish registers, or papers found at the bottom of old chests; nor does it contain an account of every thing and every body that had any manner of connexion with Zuinglius. Dispensing with these ordinary embellishments, that contribute so much to the heaviness of modern biography, Mr. Hess delivers a clear, simple, and interesting story, respecting the events that produced a change in the religious principles of Zuinglius, and the means by which he diffused them among his countrymen; interwoven with so much of contemporaneous history and biography, literary, civil, and ecclesiastical, and such short and judicious reflections, as were necessary to its illustration. He wrote, it would seem, for those who had little knowledge of the subject; and consequently touches on many particulars that are familiar to almost every person in this country. But throughout he will be found accurate, lively, and entertaining. A short abstract of such particulars as explain the revolution effected in the religion of Zuinglius, and by him in that of his countrymen, will perhaps be agreeable to our readers.

Ulric Zuinglius was born in 1484, at Wildhaws, a village of Switzerland. As his father, who, though a simple peasant, lived in easy circumstances and bore the office of first magistrate of the district, thought his son a promising child, he resolved to devote him to the church, and with that view sent him first to Basil, then to Bern. Here he was taught to perceive the beauties of the Latin classics. His talents attracted the attention of the Dominicans, and they prevailed upon him to reside in their convent till he might be of age to enter on the noviciate. But his father disapproving of irrevocable vows in early life, in order to break off the connexion, removed him to Vienna. At the university of this city, the scholastic philosophy was the great object of study, which though it had few allurements was indispensable to constitute a man of learning, and enabled Zuinglius afterwards to combat

his enemies with their own weapons. After two years, he returned home; but, as he was desirous of adding to his stock of knowledge, and of communicating what he already acquired, he repaired again to Basil, and though a stranger, in the eighteenth year of his age, he was called to the office of teacher. While he was diligent in teaching, he was no less so in learning; uniting with the perusal of the Greek and Roman classics, the studies peculiar to his profession. Theology, indeed, in those days, was a miserable system of unintelligible subtleties and useless distinctions. Zuinglius, however, was possessed of great vigor of mind: he had often changed his masters: the study of the classics had opened his understanding: he frequented the lectures of Thomas Wyttembach, who on many points had much juster notions than his contemporaries, so that he was happily enabled to deviate from the common track. Being of a gay and amiable temper he occupied the intervals of study with music.

Having spent four years at Basil, Zuinglius was chosen by the burghers of Glaris to be their pastor. To exercise this function with success, seemed to require deeper learning than he possessed. Accordingly, he recommenced his theological studies, on a plan he traced out for himself. He began with the perusal of the New Testament. He copied the Greek of St. Paul's epistles, adding in the margin notes of his own, or extracted from the fathers.

His attention was from this time directed to the passages of scripture cited in the canon of the mass, and to those which serve as a basis to the dogmas and most essential precepts of the church. Their interpretation had long been fixed, but Zwingli thought it inexcusable in a man appointed to instruct his fellow christians to rest upon the decision of others on points that he might himself examine. He therefore followed the only method to discover the true sense of an author, which consists in interpreting an obscure passage by a similar and clearer one; and an unusual word by one more familiar; regard being had to time, place, the intention of the writer, and a number of other circumstances which modify and often change the signification of words. After endeavouring to explain the text of the gospel by itself, Zwingli also made himself acquainted with the interpretations given by other theologians, especially by the fathers of the church, who, having lived nearer the times of the apostles, must have understood their language better than the modern doctors. It was in the writings of the fathers that he also studied the manners and customs of the first christians; followed them through the persecutions of which they were the victims; observed the rapid progress of the rising church; and admired that astonishing revolution which by degrees elevated the new religion to the throne of the Cæsars—an event prosperous in appearance, but which, in more than one instance, rendered Christianity subservient to the same passions which in its humbler state it had commanded with such complete authority. From the fathers,

Zwingle went on to the obscure authors of the middle ages: their rude style and absurd opinions would soon have discouraged him, had he not wished to become minutely informed of the state of Christianity during these ages of ignorance. He did not limit himself to the writers approved by the church. "In the midst of a field covered with noxious weeds," would he often say "salutary herbs may sometimes be found." On this principle, he read without prejudice the works of several authors accused of heresy, particularly those of Ratramn, (otherwise Bertram,) a monk of the ninth century, whose opinions on the eucharist, though conformable to those of preceding ages, were condemned by the court of Rome; those of the Englishman Wickliff, a writer of the fourteenth century, who rejected the invocation of saints and monastic vows; and those of John Huss, condemned to the stake by the council of Constance, for attempting to diminish the excessive authority of the church, and set bounds to the temporal power of the clergy.'

Of these enquiries, in which all religious teachers would do well to imitate the reformer, the result, very different to what he expected, was, that many doctrines deemed of great importance, were either contrary to the spirit of scripture, or founded on misinterpreted passages of it; that the ordinary mode of worship had through various causes, each fruitful of abuse, greatly degenerated from the primitive form; and that the authority of the clergy was excessive and incompatible with their character.

These discoveries, however, he was in no haste to publish, submitting them only to the examination of his learned correspondents. During the ten years of his abode at Glaris, he was content, without directly attacking the abuses of the Romish church, to deliver the obvious doctrines of scripture, and the moral precepts deduced from them. But this forbearance, together with his purity, learning, and assiduity, did not secure him from the hatred of his fellow ministers, who were ignorant, or indolent, or profligate. His silence on many topics thought to be of importance, his insisting more on the virtues than the miracles of the saints, and his saying little about fasts and pilgrimages, and nothing about relics and images, were so many crimes which would have been duly punished, had he not enjoyed the esteem of his parishioners, and the friendship of the best men of the canton. It was while he abode at Glaris, that he twice, according to the custom of the Swiss, accompanied the troops of the canton; not so much because he approved of the wars in which they were engaged, as in obedience to his superiors.

From Glaris, Zuinglius removed, about 1516, to a scene more favourable both for maturing and divulging his new principles. At Einsiedeln in Schweits, there was a famous abbey, enriched by the donations of pilgrims from all quar-

ters. Theobald, baron of Geroldseck, who was at this time administrator of the abbey, though educated for a soldier rather than an ecclesiastic, was fond of learning; and being desirous of rendering his abbey an asylum for the studious, and the nursery of a learned priesthood, he collected around him men fitted to second his intentions. He offered Zuinglius the office of preacher to the convent, which he readily accepted, in order that he might have more leisure for study, and enjoy an opportunity of conversing with learned men, as well as of securely disseminating his doctrines. Here he found several men who were afterwards his assistants in introducing the reformation.

* Of this number were Francis Zinng, chaplain of the apostolical see, a very learned man, but fitter for solitary study than for the offices of public instruction; John Oechslein, a native of Einsiedeln, whose zeal was not cooled by the violent persecutions he afterwards experienced; and Leo Jude, an Alsacian, author of a German translation of the bible, and a faithful companion of Zwingle. All these men felt an equal desire to increase their store of knowledge; and the conformity of their sentiments established among them an intimate connection. The library of Einsiedeln, considerably augmented by the care of Zwingle was their, favourite resort. Here they studied together the fathers of the church, whose works were just published by Erasmus at Basil. They added the perusal of the works of Erasmus himself, and those of Capnio, both restorers of letters in Germany. They discussed the new and bold ideas of these great men; traced them into their consequences, and subjected them to a severe examination. The new horizon which opened upon them as they advanced in their researches, produced different effects upon them, according to their different dispositions. One embraced with heat and enthusiasm all that appeared to him the truth; another, of a calmer temper, suspected the attraction of novelty; a third calculated the consequences to be expected from a change in received opinions. Each, in short, viewed the object in a different light: what escaped one, was perceived by another; and thus they were mutually lightened and assisted. All were animated by that ardour which is only found at those periods when men awake from the slumber of ignorance and barbarism. When minds capable of beholding truth in all its splendor have caught some faint beams of it, they can no longer endure the night of superstition and prejudice; they burn to emerge completely: and the resistance they experience, the obstacles they encounter, by irritating them, do but augment their force and inflame their courage. It is not so in more enlightened ages; it seems as if truth loses its charms in proportion as it becomes more accessible. We creep languidly along a broad and smooth road which may be trod without effort, while we dart with impetuosity into the difficult path which leads us through brambles and thickets to its end.' p. 57.

With these advantages he possessed at home, he likewise had recourse to foreign aids, corresponding with Erasmus, Faber, Glareanus, Capito, Beatus, Rheanus, and many others.

His views were enlarged, and he became more firmly convinced of the principles he had derived from the study of the scriptures and of antiquity. But the activity of his mind was not confined to speculation merely. He convinced the administrator, that the worship paid to the relics of saints and martyrs was inconsistent with the gospel, and that the popular belief that pardon of sins might be procured by money or external practices was full of mischief. He likewise made several salutary alterations in the administration of a nunnery under his direction. He made use of the opportunities that his office of preacher and confessor afforded him insensibly to diffuse his opinions. When he judged the minds of his hearers sufficiently prepared, on one of the festivals, an immense crowd being collected, he ascended the pulpit, and having by an ardent exordium gained their attention;

“Cease to believe,” cried he, “that God resides in this temple more than in every other place. Whatever region of the earth you may inhabit, he is near you, he surrounds you, he grants your prayers, if they deserve to be granted; but it is not by useless vows, by long pilgrimages, offerings destined to adorn senseless images, that you can obtain the divine favour: resist temptations, repress guilty desires, shun all injustice, relieve the unfortunate, console the afflicted: these are the works pleasing to the Lord. Alas! I know it; it is ourselves, ministers of the altar, we who ought to be the salt of the earth, who have led into a maze of error the ignorant and credulous multitude. In order to accumulate treasures sufficient to satisfy our avarice, we raised vain and useless practices to the rank of good works; and the Christians of these times, too docile to our instructions, neglect to fulfil the laws of God, and only think of making atonement for their crimes, instead of renouncing them. ‘Let us live according to our desires,’ say they, ‘let us enrich ourselves with the goods of our neighbour; let us not fear to stain our hands with blood and murder; we shall find easy expiations in the favour of the church.’ Senseless men! Do they think to obtain remission for their lies, their impurities, their adulteries, their homicides, their treacheries, by prayers recited in honour of the Queen of Heaven, as if she were the protectress of all evil doers? Undeceive yourselves, erring people! The God of justice suffers not himself to be moved by words which the tongue utters and the heart disowns. He forgives no one but him who himself forgives the enemy who has trespassed against him. Did these chosen of God at whose feet you come hither to prostrate yourselves, enter into heaven by relying on the merit of another? No, it was by walking in the path of the law, by fulfilling the will of the Most High, by facing death that they might remain faithful to their Redeemer. Imitate the holiness of their lives, walk in their footsteps, suffering yourselves to be turned aside neither by dangers nor seductions; this is the honour that you ought to pay them. But in the day of trouble put your trust in none but God, who created the heavens and the earth with a word: at the approach of death invoke only Christ Jesus, who has bought you with his blood, and is the sole Mediator between God and man.” p. 62—64.

The effect of this discourse was various, some felt a new light breaking in upon their minds; others, who saw in the prevalence of such doctrines the end of their gains, were grievously offended.

Meanwhile the fame of Zuinglius as a theologian and friend of literature was diffused through the country. Oswald Myconius, with other learned ecclesiastics and laymen of Zurich promised themselves happy effects from his preaching; and the chapter were thereby determined in their choice of him as their minister. About this time learning, religion, and morals were at a low ebb. Zuinglius set himself to remedy these evils. On being invested with his new office, he informed the chapter, that instead of following the order of the dominical letters, he should explain the whole of scripture. Some objected to this as a dangerous innovation; but he replied, it was only to revive the practice of the primitive church. January the first, 1519, he delivered his first discourse on the new plan, which was attended by a great crowd, drawn partly by curiosity, and partly by a desire of edification. While his sermons met with many admirers; others, through interest, prejudice, or vice, endeavoured to sink his reputation, calling him sometimes a hypocrite, sometimes a fanatic, and sometimes the enemy of religion and good order. But such calumnies not only damped not his zeal; they did not even lessen his influence. For Samson, a wily Franciscan, being employed to preach indulgences in Switzerland, as Tetzels had been in Germany, Zuinglius exposed his disgraceful impositions, with great zeal and prudence. He made such a deep impression, not only on the inhabitants of Zurich, but also on the deputies of the thirteen cantons, who happened to be at that time assembled; that they ordered Samson to quit the Swiss territory without delay, and obliged him to take off the excommunication he had fulminated against Henry Bullinger, a parish priest in that neighbourhood.

Zuinglius was very active in preventing the Zurichers from joining the other cantons in their alliance with Francis the first, which occasioned him the loss of several partizans. For as the campaign, in which the other cantons assisted the French, was unsuccessful, the Zurichers, who in consequence of a former treaty, had sent 3000 men to defend the papal dominions, became the object of hatred; of which the greater part fell on Zuinglius, whose religious as well as political principles were severely reprobated.

But while this reformer was earnest in persuading his countrymen to maintain a strict neutrality between the belligerents, he was most diligent in discharging his duties as a preacher.

“On my arrival at Zurich, I began to explain the gospel according to St. Matthew. I added an exposition of the Acts of the Apostles, to show my audience in what manner the gospel had been diffused. I then went on to the first epistle of Paul to Timothy, which may be said to contain the rule of life of a true christian. Perceiving that false teachers had introduced some errors with respect to the doctrine of faith, I interpreted the epistle to the Galatians; this I followed by an explanation of the two epistles of St. Peter, to prove to the detractors of St. Paul, that the same spirit had animated both these apostles. I came at length to the epistle to the Hebrews, which makes known in its full extent the benefits of the mission of Jesus Christ.” “In my sermons,” adds he, “I have employed neither indirect modes of speech, nor artful insinuations, nor captious exhortations: it is by the most simple language that I have endeavoured to open the eyes of every one to his own disease, according to the example of Jesus Christ himself.” pp. 118—119.

His hearers losing their respect for several rules of ecclesiastical discipline, some of them ventured to break the fast of Lent; and were imprisoned by the magistrates. Zuinglius undertook their defence, and published his first work, a tract on the observation of Lent. In this work he had ridiculed the opinion, which attributes merit to abstinence from ordinary aliment, and advised that fasts should be left to every one's own choice, which gave still further provocation to his enemies. If it was not restrained, they said, his doctrine would undermine both episcopal and pontifical authority. The bishop of Constance, therefore, delivered to the clergy and laity of his diocese, a charge, lamenting the present dissensions, and exhorting them to adhere to the church. He likewise wrote to the council of Zurich, to secure the ordinances of the church from blame, and to the chapter, complaining of certain innovators, who pretended to reform the church, and cautioning them against dangerous opinions, as well as exhorting them to avoid dissensions. Of his object, however, which was to silence Zuinglius, he was disappointed. The reformer replied to the bishop's letter in a short tract, laying it down as a principle, that the scripture is the authority by which all doubts must be solved, and all controversies terminated. Among other passages deserving attention, the following savours somewhat of methodism:

“I will now tell you what is the christianity that I profess, and which you endeavour to render suspected. It commands men to obey the laws, and respect the magistrate; to pay tribute and impositions where they are due; to rival one another only in beneficence; to support and relieve the indigent; to share the griefs of their neighbour, and to regard all mankind as brethren. It further requires the christian to expect salvation from God alone, and Jesus Christ his only Son, our master and Saviour, who giveth

eternal life to them who believe on him. Such are the principles from which, in the exercise of my ministry, I have never departed.' p. 129

While Zuinglius was engaged in this tract, the Helvetic diet, at the instigation of the bishop of Constance, convicted the pastor of a small village near Baden of heresy. Foreseeing the evils to which the friends of reformation were likely to be exposed, he addressed to the Swiss government a summary of his doctrine; praying for liberty to preach the gospel without molestation. As Luther had been excommunicated by the pope, Zuinglius was stigmatized as a heretic, and a Lutheran. Fresh controversies daily arising, the minds of both parties were exasperated.

In 1523, at Zuinglius's request, the council of Zurich summoned the clergy of the canton to a colloquy, in order to determine the disputed points. After various discourses, the council ordered, that Zuinglius should continue to preach as he had done heretofore, and that the pastors of Zurich and its territory should rest their discourses on the scripture; both parties abstaining from personal reflections. This conclusion of the colloquy was most favourable to Zuinglius, as it served to multiply his friends, and enabled him to act under the sanction of public authority. No innovation had as yet been made in the public worship, when another conference being held, victory again declared in favour of Zuinglius; and great alterations afterwards followed. The mass was abolished. In 1525, on Easter Sunday, the Lord's Supper was administered, conformably to the reformer's views.

' A table, covered with a white cloth, unleavened bread, and cups filled with wine, recalled the remembrance of the last repast of our Redeemer with his disciples. The first priest, who was Zwingle himself, announced to the faithful, that the religious act which they were about to celebrate would become to each of them the pledge of salvation, or the cause of perdition, according to the dispositions they might bring to it; and he endeavoured, by a fervent prayer, to excite in all their hearts repentance for past faults, and a resolution to live a new life. After this prayer, Zwingle, and the two ministers who assisted him, presented mutually to each other the bread and the cup, pronouncing at the same time the words uttered by Jesus Christ at the institution of the Last Supper; they afterwards distributed the symbols of the body and blood of the Redeemer to all the christians present, who listened with the most profound and reverent attention to the reading of the last words of our Lord, as they have been transmitted to us by his beloved disciple. A second prayer, and hymns full of the expression of love and gratitude towards him, who had voluntarily endured a cruel and ignominious death, to save repentant sinners, terminated this solemn and affecting ceremony. Zwingle was of opinion, that to celebrate the Lord's Supper in this manner, was to bring

it back to its ancient simplicity, and to unite all that could render it useful. The event proved that he was not mistaken; the churches could scarcely contain the immense crowd that came to participate in this religious solemnity, and the good works and numerous reconciliations which followed it, proved the sincerity of the devotion with which it was attended.' p. 199.

This reformation in the worship was accompanied with similar changes in the relations of the clergy, and the establishment of a new system of public instruction; for particulars of which we beg to refer our readers to Mr. Hess himself.

With great resolution and courage, Zuinglius combined much prudence and moderation. While he wished to effect a change in the principles and manners of the clergy and laity, he was on his guard against the excess and extravagance into which many persons were hurried. His controversy with the adherents of Muntzer, being a part of the general history of the reformation, is too well known to require to be detailed at present. It may be necessary to say, that, though he might be right in advising coercion, he evidently carried it too far. The principles of toleration were then very ill understood.

While Zuinglius was engaged with the fanatical anabaptists, a project was formed that threatened his life. Faber, grand vicar of the bishop of Constance, despairing of arresting the progress of his doctrines, as long as he remained, formed a plan to entice him from Zurich. He induced Eckius, the antagonist of Luther, to challenge Zuinglius to a conference in some of the towns of Switzerland. Though the cantons, to which this polemic addressed himself, were at first reluctant to such a measure, they were at last prevailed upon, with the exception of Zurich, to appoint Baden as the place of interview between him and Zuinglius. But with the requisition of the diet to send him, the senate of Zurich refused to comply; since the unusualness of the conduct of their allies made them suspect some snare; and, as the manifesto gave Zuinglius the appellation of heretic, they concluded that the controversy was decided. Besides, the reformer could scarcely be safe in a town where his books and effigy had been burned. In the conference, which, notwithstanding, was held, Oecolampadius and Haller maintained the cause of the reformers; but, as was foreseen, Zuinglius was excommunicated. Basil was required to banish Oecolampadius; and the sale, both of Luther's and Zuinglius's books, as well as all change of worship, were strictly prohibited. These violent measures failed of effect: Oecolampadius was received with open arms at Basil. Haller continued to exercise his ministry at Bern, where the friends of the reformation increased to such a degree, that several municipalities of the canton requested the senate to

introduce the worship established at Zurich. But as the senate wished to proceed with caution, they convened the clergy of the canton, and of the other states of the Helvetic league, with the bishops of Lausanne, Basil, Constance, and Sion. Zuinglius, who had been invited, eagerly seized the opportunity of unfolding his principles. During the sittings of this assembly,

‘As he was mounting the pulpit, a priest was preparing to say mass at the neighbouring altar. The desire of hearing the famous heretic led him to suspend the celebration of the office, and to mingle with the throng of auditors. Zwingle, in his sermon, unfolded his opinion on the eucharist with so much eloquence, that he subverted and changed all the ideas of the priest, who instantly, in sight of the assembled people, laid down his sacerdotal ornaments on the altar at which he was to have officiated, and embraced the reformation.’ p. 256.

By this conference fresh lustre was reflected on the reformation, and its adherents were more closely united together. In a short time it was established in Bern, and all its dependent municipalities.

The progress of the reformation gave rise to a league between Lucern, Uri, Schweits, Unterwalden, and Zug, the partizans of the old religion, which induced Zurich and Bern to have recourse to the same expedient. The distrust which these measures indicated, broke out into complaints and recriminations, which were followed by abuse, insult, and acts of violence. Things were ripe for a civil war, which a dispute between Unterwalden unhappily kindled. Peace was restored, by the intervention of the neutral cantons, but the parties were not reconciled.

While these affairs were carried on, the controversy between Luther and Zuinglius, respecting the eucharist, was agitated with great warmth. The grounds of this controversy, as well as the great advantage which Zuinglius possessed, both in argument and temper, are sufficiently known.

In the mean time, our reformer continued to discharge, with zeal, diligence, and condescension, the duties of a pastor, both in public and in private. The church and the state reaped the benefit of his labours. He kept up a correspondence with learned men, and composed many books. But in the midst of his usefulness and reputation, he drew to the end of his course. The flame that was smothered burst forth afresh. Zuinglius accompanied the troops of Zurich, who were obliged to engage at great disadvantage.—

‘In the beginning of the battle, while Zwingle was encouraging the troops by his exhortations, he received a mortal wound, fell in the press, and remained senseless on the field of battle while the enemy were pursuing their victory. On recovering his consciousness, he raised himself

with difficulty, crossed his feeble hands upon his breast, and lifted his dying eyes to heaven. Some catholic soldiers, who had remained behind, found him in this attitude. Without knowing him, they offered him a confessor: Zwingli would have replied, but was unable to articulate; he refused by a motion of the head. The soldiers then exhorted him to recommend his soul to the Holy Virgin. A second sign of refusal enraged them. "Die, then, obstinate heretic!" cried one, and pierced him with his sword.

'It was not till the next day that the body of the reformer was found, and exposed to the view of the army. Among those whom curiosity attracted, several had known him, and, without sharing his religious opinions, had admired his eloquence, and done justice to the uprightness of his intentions: these were unable to view his features, which death had not changed, without emotion. A former colleague of Zwingli's, who had left Zurich on account of the reformation, was among the crowd. He gazed a long time upon him who had been his adversary, and at length said, with emotion, "Whatever may have been thy faith, I am sure that thou wast always sincere, and that thou lovedst thy country. May God take thy soul to his mercy!"

'Far from sharing in this sentiment of compassion, the soldiers rejoiced in the death of a man whom they considered as the principal support of heresy; and they tumultuously surrounded the bloody corpse of the reformer. Amid the ebullitions of their fanatical joy, some voices were heard to pronounce the words, "Let us burn the remains of the heresiarch." All applauded the proposal: in vain did their leaders remind the furious soldiery of the respect due to the dead; in vain did they exhort them not to irritate the protestants, who might one day avenge the insult: all was useless. They seized the body; a tribunal, named by acclamation, ordered that it should be burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds; and the sentence was executed the same instant.' p. 320—323.

We find we have room only to add a word or two, respecting the translation; of which we have little to say, but good. The original has not fallen into our hands; but it seems to have met with justice. In the event of a second edition, we would recommend, to divide the work into chapters; to put a running title, with the date of the respective events, at the top of each page, and to subjoin an index. It would not be amiss to avoid the use of the word reform, instead of reformation, and the insufferable repetition of the verb *to cause*, and to correct such inaccuracies as the following: 'The qualities announced by Zwingli,' p. 4. 'It was a custom with the Swiss, to cause their armies to be attended by ministers of the altar, both *to celebrate*, &c. and *that they might*,' &c. p. 25. 'Edification was impaired,' p. 141. 'Scandalised to witness,' p. 142. 'Ourselves should take,' p. 145. 'Inspired his audience with great veneration, p. 153—of whom, or what? 'Worked a conversion, which produced a great effect,' pp. 256. 'Disposed respecting the employment of pious foundations,' p. 257.

Art. X. *Travels in the Interior of Brazil*, particularly in the gold and diamond districts of that country, by authority of the Prince Regent of Portugal: including a voyage to the Rio de la Plata, and an historical sketch of the Revolution of Buenos Ayres. Illustrated with engravings. By John Mawe, author of "The Mineralogy of Derbyshire." 4to. pp. 366. price 2l. 2s. Longman. 1812.

FEW, we apprehend, who have perused this volume, took it up without over strained expectations, and few consequently have laid it down without feeling a degree of disappointment. The recent migration of the house of Braganza, from the scenes of anarchy and desolation which shook its antient foundations, to the inviting shores of a colony which had long been its chief support: the phenomenon of a second independent state, organized beyond the Atlantic, and apparently preparing an asylum for those arts and sciences, which though Europe brought forth and matured, she now hesitates not to sacrifice on the altars of war and ambition, are events which forcibly draw the attention of the philosopher towards Brazil. He is solicitous to be acquainted with the nature, produce, and appearance of the country and the character of its inhabitants. The account of its seaports, detailed by our navigators, are now insufficient; he wishes to ascertain what degree of credit is due to reports which have been circulated, of canibals, devouring the flesh of their captives, and of societies governed by laws for the support of vice and the suppression of virtue; to know the precise situation of rivers that roll their waves over beds of gold, rocks that glow with topazes, and sands that sparkle with diamonds. Such as have directed their enquiries to this subject, have indeed been disappointed in finding unembellished reality so totally at variance with the phantoms of imagination. Still, however, the Portuguese dominions are involved in obscurity sufficiently thick, to raise the hope of copious instruction and amusement from the perusal of travels into their interior, by one of our countrymen, prosecuted during a series of years, and aided by the recommendations and support of persons of the first consequence. In saying that such hope will be disappointed, we do not mean to attach the whole or even the greater part the blame to Mr. Mawe. From a person of his sense and judgment it certainly was not unreasonable to expect some acquaintance with natural history, as a very moderate degree of study would have prevented the deplorable errors in zoology and botany which continually occur. Nor was it extravagant to suppose, that a professed mineralogist would have had a more general and accurate knowledge of geology and

mineralogy: In other respects his observations have every appearance of being unprejudiced and well founded, and it is precisely this circumstance which renders them, if not dull, yet much less amusing than books of travels in distant countries usually are. The fact is, that the government so pompously transferred from Europe to America—was hardly worth the carriage. Instead of promoting the general improvement of its subjects, in its very nature, it is inimical to every alteration; an absolute monarchy, vested in an individual, the slave and tool of sycophants and ministers whose interest and endeavour it is, equally to deceive their master and his subjects. The manners of the inhabitants in the larger towns, resemble those in the European towns, whence their ancestors sprung, if they are not even more voluptuous and more superstitious, while that part of the population which lives in remoter parts, blind to its real interests, and oppressed by injurious regulations, drags on a comfortless existence, or pines in abject misery. Such of the aborigines of the country as have not been hunted down by the Portuguese, fly their neighbourhood, and few opportunities, we apprehend, occur of deciding whether their present habits justify the continuation of the epithet *anthropophagi*. The Paulistas, of whom such preposterous accounts have been imposed on the public, representing them as a race, whose ideas of morality were diametrically opposite to the rest of mankind, appear by Mr. Mawe's account in a more favourable light than most of their neighbours. The gold and diamond works, afford a scanty produce with a great expenditure of human labour, which is applied in a manner far less ingenious, than in procuring coal in our own country; and the emolument which these precious productions afford to a few individuals, is generally purchased at too dear a rate by the vilest hypocrisy and the most criminal deceit.

So unpromising a subject, would require uncommon ingenuity in an author, to render it productive of much interest to the reader; it might perhaps be practicable if patriotism inspired him with enthusiasm, or roused him to indignation. But Mr. Mawe is no enthusiast; he is a plain Englishman, who is accustomed to, and we hope, prizes the comforts of the English mode of life. He finds a bag of the straw of Indian corn an uncomfortable bed, though on the verge of the gold district; and complains of the misery of a bad dinner even in Villa Rica; no raptures transform inconveniences into adventures; no abuses excite a greater degree of censure than disapprobation. Another circumstance, besides natural temper, may have contributed to soften the terms in which he

animadvert upon the latter. His work is dedicated to the Prince Regent of Portugal ; the author doubtless hopes that its contents will be noticed by his royal highness, and must, on this account, be anxious not to appear ungrateful for the patronage afforded him, which would have been the case had he given loose to his feelings.

Having thus lowered the expectations of our readers, we have no longer a doubt that such of them as thank an author for telling the truth, though he destroys a pleasing illusion, will feel themselves obliged to Mr. Mawe for the contents of his volume ; notwithstanding the tedious details of insignificant occurrences which but too frequently interrupt the narration of more weighty matter. They add at least to the evidences of the correctness and authenticity of the work, which, indeed, scarcely needed a proof. How far the same character of veracity may apply to the plates we cannot decidedly state, but landscapes sketched by one person, drawn by a second, and engraved by a third, can hardly be supposed very exact.

It does not appear that Mr. Mawe left England with the definite intention of prosecuting his researches in the direction they afterwards took ; indeed he could, at the time of his leaving England, hardly entertain a hope of obtaining permission for the purpose. He sailed, as he informs us, on a voyage of commercial experiment to Rio de la Plata, in the year 1804, in a vessel of his own, under Spanish colours. Touching at Cadiz, to conform with certain commercial regulations of the Spanish government, he found himself unexpectedly placed in a very awkward predicament, by the declaration of war in the autumn of that year ; the city was blockaded, and the plague soon made its appearance. Mr. Mawe caught the infection ; but having taken the precaution to guard against it, by the use of calomel, escaped without much inconvenience. His voyage to Monte Video was attended with no trifling perils from the ignorance of his captain, who was wholly unacquainted with the navigation of the La Plata ; but these were only a prelude to what awaited him on landing. Fresh blunders of his captain rendered him suspected as an Englishman ; his person was seized, and the ship and cargo confiscated. At length, however, he was admitted to bail, and on the appearance of General Beresford's expedition in the river, ordered into the interior. Here he had an opportunity of studying the mode of life of the *Peons*, to whom the care of the immense herds of cattle on the breeding farms, is entrusted. They are chiefly emigrants from Paraguay, and among the numbers settled in the government of La Plata, few women are to be found ! The

absence of domestic comfort from their dwellings, is, therefore, not to be wondered at; a gloomy apathy pervades their dispositions and habits, except when roused by their passion for gaming and intoxication, which occasion numerous evils, encouraged by the lax administration of the laws.

Mr. Mawe engaged one of these men to convey a letter to Sr. Francisco Juacino, a magistrate in Monte Video, who immediately sent an order for his liberation, which was readily obeyed by his host: and he arrived in time to join the unfortunate expedition under General Whitelocke. It fell to his lot on this occasion to command the Peons who were employed in procuring provisions for the army, an arduous and dangerous service, which they executed with all the zeal their situation admitted, but for which they were most shamefully rewarded. They were, after the capitulation, seized by a party of Spaniards, and for want of a spirited remonstrance from the commander in chief, sentenced to death or hard labour, as traitors to their country. This may have been owing to forgetfulness, but an English soldier ought not to forget his ally in the time of need.

That the state of society in this country is unnatural and degenerate, requires no further proof than Mr. Mawe's observations on the disparity of the numbers of males and females. In Buenos Ayres and its vicinity, the latter are to the former as four to one; while in the interior, owing to the deplorable state of agriculture, the excess of males is equally great.

After the evacuation of Monte Video, Mr. Mawe set sail in a Portuguese vessel for Rio Janeiro. He was obliged to make some stay at the Island of St. Catherine's, which he describes with much minuteness.

It is divided into four parishes, and contains about 30,000 souls. The produce is such as might be expected—rice, maize, mandioca, or cassibi, sugar, indigo, &c. but the trade is inconsiderable.

Armasaõ, a village on the coast, is remarkable, as a port employed in the whale fishery, where the fish caught on the coast are cut up. The number formerly brought in during the season, amounted to between three and four hundred, but is not so great at present. Mr. Mawe visited the boiling house, &c. which he describes as 'superior to any thing of the kind at Greenland dock, and indeed to all similar establishments in Europe.' 'There are twenty seven large boilers and places for three more; their tanks are vast vaults, on some of which a boat might be rowed with ease.'

At Santos our traveller appears to have met with a very poor reception, which was not atoned for when he visited it a se-

cond time. He had several letters of recommendation on his first visit, not one of which procured him any civility, and he was obliged to engage a canoe to convey him up the river in quest of a night's lodging; when returning he was provided with introductions to a judge and a merchant, and consequently hoped for a kinder welcome;

'We were, however,' says he, 'deceived, the judge received us coldly, and when I asked him where the person lived to whom our other letter was addressed, he seemed quite rejoiced at the opportunity of shewing us out of his house. The merchant was as frigid as the judge, and made us a paltry excuse. We then repaired to an apothecary. After telling him our situation, he kindly offered us his shop floor for a lodging, it being the only place under cover he had to spare.'

This mode of treatment, however, by no means puts him out of temper, or provokes him to invective. He satisfies himself with observing, with more coolness than correctness, that 'hospitality is a duty most practised where the occasions for its exercise most rarely occur.'

Mr. Mawe's account of his journey from Santos to S. Paulo is interesting though defective, the road is highly romantic; it leads across the chain of mountains which runs in a direction nearly parallel with the coast from 10° to 30° S. lat. and, from the manner in which it is executed, is truly creditable to the enterprising spirit of the Brazilians. The summit of this chain, our author describes 'as a plain of considerable extent, the lowest estimated height of which is six thousand feet.' But this is most probably a mere random guess, and it is to be regretted, that, being engaged in what may be termed a journey of discovery, he did not add a barometer to his travelling apparatus, and give us a single observation instead of an "estimate." His geological notices are equally scanty; 'the component parts appeared to be granite, and frequently soft crumbling ferruginous sandstone.' The streams 'force their way through many detached and round masses of granite.' 'The surface of the summit is chiefly composed of quartz, (a comprehensive name!) covered with sand.' This is all Mr. Mawe can observe, though he remarks, that the road is cut through the solid rocks in many places, which would afford excellent opportunities of examining the strata.

Those unsightly swellings of the neck known by the appellation of wens and goitres, common among the inhabitants of most mountainous districts, are also prevalent here, though of a different shape.

On entering the town of St. Paul, Mr. Mawe was struck with the neat appearance of its houses; they are stuccoed in va-

rious colours, and those in the principal streets two or three stories high.

‘It is situated on a pleasing eminence of about two miles in extent, surrounded on three sides by low meadow land, and washed at the base by rivulets, which almost insulate it in rainy weather; it is connected with the high-land by a narrow ridge. The rivulets flow in a pretty large stream called the Tieti, which runs within a mile of the town in a south-west direction. Over them there are several bridges, some of stone and others of wood, built by the late governor. The streets of St. Paul's, owing to its elevation (about 50 feet above the plain), and the water which almost surrounds it, are in general remarkably clean; the material with which they are paved, is lamillary grit-stone, cemented by oxide of iron, and containing large pebbles of rounded quartz, approximating to the conglomerate. This pavement is an alluvial formation containing gold, many particles of which metal are found in the chinks and hollows after heavy rains, and at such seasons are diligently sought for by the poorer sort of people.’ p. 67.

Owing to its elevated site, the heat is very moderate, and the air healthy. The houses are built by the method termed *pisé*, of earth firmly rammed together. The population is estimated at fifteen or twenty thousand, of which the clergy amount to five hundred. With respect to their origin, our author follows F. Gaspar da Madre de Dios, a Portuguese, in attributing it to a colony of Indians and Jesuits; in contradiction to Vaissette and Charlevoix, who ascribe it to a band of free-booters, out-laws of the neighbouring settlements. Whatever their ancestors may have been, it is very clear that the present inhabitants are at least as civilized as those of the other towns of the country. From this place Mr. Mawe made a visit to the gold mines of Jaragua, famed for the immense treasures they produced nearly two centuries ago.

‘The face of the country is uneven and rather mountainous. The rock, where it is exposed, appears to be primitive granite, inclining to gneis, with a portion of hornblende, and frequently mica. The soil is red, and remarkably ferruginous, in many places apparently of great depth. The gold lies, for the most part, in a stratum of rounded pebbles and gravel, called *cascalho*, immediately incumbent on the solid rock. Where water of sufficiently high level can be commanded, the ground is cut in steps, each twenty or thirty feet wide, two or three broad, and about one deep. Near the bottom a trench is cut to the depth of two or three feet. On each step, stand six or eight negroes, who, as the water flows gently from above, keep the earth continually in motion with shovels, until the whole is reduced to liquid mud and washed below. The particles of gold contained in this earth descend to the trench, where, by reason of their specific gravity, they quickly precipitate. Workmen are continually employed at the trench to remove the stones, and clear away the surface, which operation is much assisted by the

current of water which falls into it. After five days' washing, the precipitation in the trench is carried to some convenient stream, to undergo a second clearance. Each workman standing in the stream, takes into a bowl five or six pounds weight of the sediment, which generally consists of heavy matter, of a dark carbonaceous hue. They admit certain quantities of water into the bowls, which they move about so dexterously, that the precious metal, separating from the inferior and lighter substances, settles to the bottom and sides of the vessel. They then rinse their bowls in a larger vessel of clean water, leaving the gold in it; and begin again. The washing of each bowlful occupies from five to eight or nine minutes; the gold produced is extremely variable in quantity, and in the size of its particles, some of which are so minute, that they float, while others are found as large as peas, and not unfrequently much larger. This operation is superintended by overseers, as the result is of considerable importance. When the whole is finished, the gold is borne home to be dried, and at a convenient time is taken to the permutation office, where it is weighed, and a fifth is reserved for the Prince. The remainder is smelted by fusion with muriate of mercury, cast into ingots, assayed, and stamped according to its intrinsic value, a certificate of which is given with it: after a copy of that instrument has been duly entered at the mint-office, the ingots circulate as specie.' p. 77—79.

Returning to Santos, he proceeded in a canoe along the coast to Zapitiva, and thence by land to Rio de Janeiro, of which he gives us a meagre description. Pleased with the civilities he met with, he does not give himself the trouble to investigate minutely the state of society; nor to pry into the real condition of morality while no outrageous violation of decorum occasioned him personal inconvenience. Having letters of recommendation to the Conde de Linhares, he was soon introduced to the Prince Regent, and at his solicitation induced to take upon himself the management of His Royal Highness' farm at Santa Cruz. This situation which exposed him to the chicane and petty artifices of a courtier of the Prince's household, was however, so repugnant to his English spirit that he was very glad to get rid of his trust as soon as possible, and to accept the more agreeable commission of examining a silver mine which was said to have been discovered at Santa Gallo.

Mr. Mawe had here an opportunity of seeing some of the half civilized aborigines of the district. They reside in the woods in miserable huts thatched with palm-leaves, and subsist by the chase, displaying great skill in the use of their bows. 'They have a copper-coloured skin, short and round visage, broad nose, lank black hair, and regular stature, inclining to the short and broad set.' They must be possessed of uncommon powers of digestion, if what Mr. Mawe very gravely assures us be

true: "that they will devour almost any animal in the coarsest manner, for instance, a bird *unplucked*, half roasted, with the entrails remaining." The strong predilection for spirituous liquors, they have in common with other savage nations, nor can we think our traveller's present to them of "a few bottles of liquor," a very judicious or a very humane remuneration for exhibiting their dexterity. The gold-washing at Santa Rita, about five leagues distant, is remarkable, if we rightly comprehend our author's meaning, from its situation in calcareous mountains. It is esteemed profitable, affording 'from fourteen pence to two shilling for each negro employed.' But whether this implies the net profit to the owner, or the produce in gold before the fifth for government, the expences of procuring the *cascalhao*, and the hire of the negroes, should they not belong to the master, be deducted, we cannot ascertain. The supposed silver mine was found to be a mere stratagem of some needy adventurers.

After returning to Rio de Janeiro, our author solicited permission to explore the diamond mines of Serra do Frio, and through the mediation of the Conde de Linhares obtained passports and letters of recommendation, a favour which had hitherto never been granted to a foreigner. Lord Strangford also procured for him 'admission to the archives, for the purpose of examining all the manuscript maps, and of copying from any of them whatever might be necessary to guide him in his route.' If they afforded nothing better than the sketch given in the annexed plate, they must have been of very little value. Of more material use were two soldiers of the corps of miners, who had recently escorted a poor negro from Villa do Principe, in consequence of his having begged leave to present to the Prince Regent a diamond, nearly a pound weight, and who was left to find his way back as well as he could, after it had been discovered that his gem was no more than a rounded crystal. Little worth relating occurred, till Mr. Mawe and his escort got to the neighbourhood of Villa Rica, where his curiosity was excited by hearing of a mine of Topazes, which he visited in company with the owner. His expectations of the works dignified by this appellation were not a little disappointed when he arrived on the spot.

'After walking about half a mile up the mountain just mentioned, I was shewn two breaks or slips, in which my guide informed me were the topaz mines. We entered one of them, which was in extent little short of two acres; the argillaceous schistus, which formed the upper stratum, appeared in a variety of stages, the greater part migrating into micaceous schistus. In one part I observed two negroes poking in the little soft veins, which the slips disclosed, with a piece of rusty iron, probably part of an old hoop;

and on enquiring what they were about, I was informed they were the miners, searching for topazes. ' p. 163.

Nor was he gratified by finding any specimens more perfect than those usually imported to this country. After examining a cart-load at the proprietor's house, he was unable to obtain a single crystal with a double pyramid or adhering to the original matrix.

Villa Rica, the capital of the gold district in this part of Brazil, appears to have owed its origin to adventurers from St. Paul's, who made an accidental discovery of the riches of the neighbourhood, and established themselves on the mountain in spite of the opposition of the native Indians. The present town was begun on a regular plan in 1711. As early as the year 1713, the royal fifth amounted to half a million sterling annually, and between 1730 and 1750, when the mines were most productive, frequently to a million. They are now on the decline and the city exhibits every mark of rapid decay.

The gold obtained, is brought to the royal mint, where it is immediately cast into ingots, which having been assayed and stamped, become articles of commerce. It varies from sixteen carats to twenty-three and a half, or within half a carat of perfect purity.

In the journey from Villa Rica to Tejuco, Mr. Mawe passed Largos, a solitary hut, near which Platiña had been found in a gold washing. It was mistaken for gold mixed with some other metal, but little real gold being found, the works were abandoned, and our author doubts whether it would pay the expences of resuming them, as the demand for the former metal is at present very small.

The diamond district commences a little to the north of Villa do Principe, and is described as very different in its aspect from that which our traveller had left, 'its surface consisting of coarse sand and rounded quartz pebbles,' and being almost destitute of wood and herbage. Mr. Mawe also mentions a hillock near the road 'exhibiting perpendicular laminae of micaceous grit,' which he 'found to be flexible;' but we can hardly discover from this account whether they were what is generally called the elastic sandstone of Brazil. At Tejuco his passports and letters of recommendation procured him every civility. The principal diamond-work is situated on the river Jigitonhonha, about 30 miles farther, and in spite of the fatigues of the journey, he set off with the governor to visit it, the day after his arrival in Tejuco. The land in the immediate neighbourhood of this mine, is rather more fertile than the surrounding district, and Mandanga, the village in which the officers and negroes dwell,

consists of about a hundred habitations, several of which have gardens. The works are in the bed of the river, which is diverted from its course by a canal, though 'as wide as the Thames at Windsor, and from three to nine feet deep.' The *cascalhao* is the same as that in the gold districts, which also, if we remember right, corresponds with the stratum in which the diamonds of the East Indies are found. In Hindoostan, however, this species of gravel is said to be found in veins, resembling the metalliferous veins of our own country, passing in a nearly straight direction through the rocks, whereas it occurs here merely as the deposit of former floods. It is raised and conveyed to convenient situations for washing, by means of machinery of simple construction, and 'as much is collected in the dry season as will occupy all their hands during the rainy months.'

The washing is performed in a shed twenty-five or thirty yards long, down the middle of which a stream of water is conveyed. The floor on one side of the canal is divided into troughs, each about a yard wide, with a gentle declivity from the stream. Over each of these troughs a negro is stationed who regulates the admission of water on the *cascalhao* which is thrown into them, stirring and turning it continually. The earthy particles are first carried away; when the water runs clear the larger pebbles are thrown out, and then those of an inferior size; at last the whole is carefully examined for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he stands upright, and claps his hands; an overseer receives the gem, and deposits it in a *gamella*, which is emptied at the close of the work, and the contents delivered to an officer who weighs and registers them.

Though the quantity of diamonds found in a day is very variable, it seems that a tolerable correct average may be formed of the quantity which a number of tons of *cascalhao* will produce. Our author was shewed a flat piece of ground, which the indendant calculated would produce ten thousand carats, whenever it was thought proper to work it. The diamonds of this river and its vicinity, which have been long sought after, are reported to be of the finest quality.

'They vary in size; some are so small that four or five are required to weigh one grain, consequently sixteen or twenty to the carat: there are seldom found more than two or three stones of from seventeen to twenty carats in the course of a year, and not once in two years is there found throughout the whole washings a stone of thirty carats.'

The largest diamond in the prince's possession, is nearly of an ounce in weight; and was found in one of the remoter diamond districts by three criminals who had been banished into the interior, and prohibited the enjoyment of civilized

society. They wandered about for six years, endeavouring to make some discovery of sufficient importance to purchase a reverse of fortune, and were at last rewarded for their perseverance by finding a gem of such value as would have expiated, in the eye of avarice, for the most atrocious crimes. They entrusted the secrets to a clergyman, who conveyed them to Villa Rica, where the genuineness of the stone was properly ascertained; it was forwarded to Rio de Janeiro, from whence a frigate was dispatched with it to Lisbon; whither the clergyman also repaired, and succeeded in procuring a pardon for the discoverers and preferment for himself.

The miners of Serra do Frio (frequently misspelt Cerro do Frio by our author) were discovered by mining adventurers from Villa do Principe, soon after the establishment of the latter place. The value of the diamonds was not suspected, and the governor made use of them as counters at his card table. They at last found their way to Europe where Dutch acuteness readily discovered their real value, and as readily availed itself of the discovery, by contracting with the Portuguese government for all the stones which should be found. So great was the abundance sent over in the first years, that not only their price was considerably lowered in Europe, but they were even sent to India which had hitherto furnished Europe with this article of luxury.

The diamond territories were let under certain conditions to individuals, who enriched themselves and defrauded the government. In 1772 these contracts were ended and government took them into its own hands; thereby changing bad for worse; and at the present day the produce of the mines is mortgaged for a debt owing to foreigners.

‘During a period of five years, from 1801 to 1806 inclusive the expences were 204,000*l.*; and the diamonds sent to the treasury at Rio de Janeiro weighed 115,675 carats. The value of gold found in the same period amounted to 17,300*l.* sterling, from which it appears that the diamonds actually cost Government thirty-three shillings and nine-pence per carat. These years were esteemed singularly productive; the mines do not in general yield to Government more than 20,000 carats annually.’ p. 249.

We must however by no means suppose that this is the total produce of the works. The high value of the gems, and their being so extremely portable, offer the greatest facilities for fraud of every description—which are most diligently improved by the resident Portuguese. Mr. Mawe’s usual prudence and moderation, prevented him from being very explicit on this subject; but enough of the cloven foot

appears, to enable us to judge of the rest. An appearance of decency is however esteemed highly necessary.

Custom has rendered the feelings of their real owners in Tejuco so irritable, on being suspected to encourage the practice, that if the word *grimpiero* (smuggler) is mentioned in conversation, they shudder with horror, and distort their features, calling on the Virgin to witness their abhorrence of a crime to which Government has attached the greatest disgrace and punishments.

Pure, honest souls! Being a stranger in the country, I conceived that these gentlemen really felt the sentiments which their words and gestures expressed; and, as persons of all ranks seemed to fear conversing on the subject, I thought at first that I should not see a single diamond in all Tejuco, except those in the treasury; but a little acquaintance with the town soon convinced me that I was a novice: for, on visiting a few friends to whom I had introductions, I found that diamonds were bartered for every thing, and were actually much more current than specie. Even pious indulgences were bought with them; and surely no one could have suspected that the seller of His Holiness's bulls would condescend to taste the forbidden fruits of Tejuco.

The consequence is such as might be expected. In the midst of gold and diamonds little appears but indolence, and vice, and beggary. We must here again complain of Mr. Mawe's defective information and express a wish that there had been somewhat more arithmetic in his account, to enable us to form a precise idea of the profits of the diamond and gold works. It is however sufficiently evident that were it not for the *auri sacra fames*, the insatiating irrational love of gold because it is gold, and not as the representative of real wealth, there are few professions that would not afford a more certain and a more abundant return, than these mines; but, as our author observes, 'such are their habitual and long cherished prejudices, that they would take ten times more pains to procure forty shillings worth of gold, at an expense of thirty shillings, than they would to obtain forty shillings worth of butter, though it were only to cost them five.'

The way in which gold is procured, almost precludes the possibility of improvement in civil society. The mines are known to be productive only for a limited term, and it is consequently not worth while for the persons who work them to form a permanent establishment which would become useless as soon as the works are abandoned. No lasting advantage procured by present inconvenience; no friendship cemented by long acquaintance, and proximity of residence; no prospective view to the comforts and welfare of posterity;

in a word no *home* is to be found here. Even where the apparently inexhaustible treasures of a mountain have given rise to a town or a city, the tide of prosperity has only proved temporary, and sudden decay has succeeded its ephemeral aggrandizement.

The melancholy reflexions which obtruded themselves upon our mind in perusing this part of Mr. Mawe's work, were in some degree enlivened by the tribute which he pays to the national character of the negroes, who form a very considerable part of the population of the country. We were glad to find that the Negroes in the Brazils, distinguish themselves by their industry, that they are a respectable class of people, and though treated as slaves, are not looked upon as brutes. The stories of those who are employed in the diamond mines being compelled to work naked are false, as they are dressed in clothes suitable to their employment. They are educated, when young, in the same manner as the children of their masters, (a very indifferent manner it is true!) they have as much land as they can cultivate at their leisure, which on account of the numerous holidays of the Roman Catholic church is not inconsiderable. On the prince's farm at Santa Cruz they have two days in the week regularly allowed them. But what will astonish the Jamaica Christians the most is, the absurd idea of the Portuguese Slave-owners that the advantages of instructing the Negroes in religion is sufficient to repay the loss of a portion of time every morning and evening which is devoted to prayers!

In accompanying our author to Tejuco we were diverted with the accounts which he gives of the miserable state of agriculture, and his laudable assiduity in teaching the people to churn and make cheese, notwithstanding the difficulties which he had to encounter from their stupidity, indolence, and attachment to old prejudices. The inconvenience indeed that he suffered, and the exertions made by him, for the improvement of farming in Brazil, began, it seems, at Vera Cruz, where, though 8000 head of cattle are kept, he had to wait three hours for breakfast—"because no milk could be procured," and was actually on the point of ordering out his horse, to return 'fifty miles of hard riding' to Rio to avoid being famished. p. 106.

At Bordo do Campo he had the curiosity to examine the dairy of his host;

* Instead of an apartment, such as I expected to find, fitted up and kept in order for that sole purpose, I was shewn into a kind of dirty store-room, the smell of which was intolerable. The present, I was told, was not the time for making cheese, as the cows gave milk only in

the rainy season. I begged to see the implements used in the process; and on examining them found, to my utter astonishment, that neither the rats nor cloths had been washed since they were last used, and the milk-pails, &c. were in the same condition.' pp. 154—155.

This would assuredly have satisfied the curiosity of an ordinary traveller, but Mr. M. was not to be deterred by such a repulse; 'he asked to see the utensil used for making butter,' a favour which however was denied him, under pretence that it was not in the way, but probably to evade his criticisms. He left Captain Rodrigo de Lima receipts for preparing cheese, butter, &c. *secundum artem*, though he owns that this gentleman 'seemed quite indifferent about adopting them.'

But it would be trespassing too much on our reader's patience to recount even his principal adventures; it must suffice to observe that, at the Fazenda do Barro, he at last obtained an opportunity of practically exhibiting the operation of the churn to the admiring daughters of Columbia. The churn indeed had to be made of the trunk of a tree, of the length and girth required, sawed lengthways, hollowed, joined again with iron hoops; and the vessels used for putting by the milk, being narrow at top and broad below, were ill adapted for collecting the cream; Mr. M. however surmounted every difficulty, and succeeded in obtaining a tolerably fair proportion of good butter.

From Tejuco Mr. Mawe retraced his steps to Rio, and from thence set sail shortly after for England; but it must not be imagined that the work closes at his journey's end.—We have still a hundred pages of geographical notices, commercial observations, and an appendix to wade through. The bulk to which our remarks on our author's itinerary have swelled, prevent us from offering our readers more, than a few brief notices.

If the geographical information be really the result of Mr. Mawe's acquaintance with Portuguese authorities, it is creditable to his industry, and still more so to that of the authors of our best maps, who are well acquainted with most of the particulars which he mentions: if—but we do not wish to insinuate that this has been the case—the observations are founded on English maps, it is at least a high complement to the abilities of our geographers, and one which they deserve. It is much to be lamented that their productions, in which the *plan* aspires to classical correctness, should be disfigured by so many faults in the names.

Mr. Mawe's observations on the commerce of Brazil, evince good sense, if not extraordinary acuteness; but the mercan-

tile adventures which have been lately made to South America, have occasioned such a derangement of trade, that it will require many years to bring it to a permanent level; and till this is the case it must be perpetually changing. The appendix contains an account of the revolution of Buenos Ayres; agricultural observations; and miscellaneous remarks.

Art. XI. *Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical; illustrative of the Rambler, Adventurer, and Idler, and of the various periodical Papers which, in Imitation of the Writings of Steele and Addison, have been published between the Close of the Eighth Volume of the Spectator, and the Commencement of the Year 1809.* By Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of *Literary Hours*, and of *Essays on the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian*. Foolsc. 8vo. 2 vol. pp. 1000. Price 1l. 1s. Suttaby, 1809.

A Respectable stipend, we have sometimes thought, might be merited from the literary public, by a man who should be qualified to execute the office of suggester of *desiderata*; a man, whose comprehensive knowledge of the actual state of literature, and whose discerning and inventive quickness, should indicate the possibilities of useful or entertaining novelty, at all the points round the whole circuit of the now vast province of authorship; who should strike out in a definite and practicable form, a variety of projects that have never been thought of at all; and bring out into intelligible conceptions, capable of being made the bases of schemes, many faint casual ideas, which had occurred to other men, without exciting a suspicion of the capabilities involved in them. A certain imaginable extent of knowledge and ingenuity would soon detect, in the region of literature, a thousand spaces vacant, or but partially occupied, and with what is worthless, where numerous literary workmen might be set to business, many of them in the performance of what would not be trite, and not a few in what should be very considerably original; while, for want of such a suggester, many of these worthy labourers have fallen into situations where they are not wanted; where they are only incommoding and obstructing one another, by the cram of company and the clashing of literary tools; and where they are actually spoiling the performances of their abler predecessors.

It is on a more elevated ground of the mental world, than what is usually denominated literature, that Bacon will probably always maintain his supremacy, as the grand chief of suggesters. In literature strictly so called, perhaps Dr. Johnson was the best qualified, of any man of his time, for such an office as we have proposed. An evidence of no small force in favour of his claims, is furnished by a paper given in

the work before us, consisting of a long series of literary projects, noted down to be executed by himself, though, as Dr. Drake observes, he never accomplished, nor even commenced, in composition, any one of them; and a number of them still remain *desiderata*. It is probable that, in various degrees of extent and ingenuity, there are lists of this sort of memoranda among the papers of most men of learning and genius. Of certain individuals of the present time, most indolent to write, but most powerful and prolific in the invention of unthought-of topics, and original trains of illustration, it is known that their mere hints and sketches, transcribed, without alteration, from loose papers and pocket-books, would make a volume of no contemptible size, and of very great interest. Many of these hints are doubtless of such a nature, that none but the minds to which they occurred could adequately follow them out and expand them; but may it not be presumed, also, that a considerable number of them suggest such topics as, though not to be found in the most frequented part of the domains of literature, might be worked out into very tolerable treatises or essays, by some of the multitude of sharp quills, that are constantly held, ready charged, and as vigilantly prompt for action as the fowling-pieces of the keenest sportsmen. If so, may we not be allowed to suggest to these richly inventive, but unoperative literati, that it would be a deed of considerable benevolence to publish at least a certain proportion of these accumulated notes. These secluded collections may be regarded as somewhat like locked drawers, full of the seeds of the most rare and beautiful exotic plants and flowers, brought from every country that is the least known to us, and unpatriotically kept in this useless state by the indefatigable collectors and importers. In the name of good-nature and our country, if they are too indolent to create a botanic garden themselves, let them give or sell out such a portion of these seeds, as they think would be the least difficult of cultivation, to the more ordinary and working sort of gardeners, that we may have at least a chance, if not of regaling ourselves with the *most* foreign and curious hues, scents and tastes, yet of enjoying a little of what we could not probably have had, but through favour of the *voyagers* and *travellers* of literature—in other words, of men whose minds go out on discovery, beyond the ordinary scope of thinking among cultivated persons.

Every now and then we meet with a fortunate literary man, who has both found out a *desideratum*, and very satisfactorily supplied it; and we consider Dr. Drake as such an instance. A critical history of that part of our literature which has been

produced at various times, in the form of short periodical essays, was a new suggestion, was capable of a defined scheme, would be deemed a desirable thing the first moment that any person, in the least curious about our literature, should hear of it; and its execution was in the hands of a person endowed with all the requisite judgment, inquisitiveness, and perseverance.

We were happy to commend, with little exception, the work which accomplished the first part of his plan, the *Essays* on the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; and we think this latter part will be an equally acceptable service to the public. The contents are as follow:

Part I.—Essay 1. Observations on the Taste which had been generated by Steele and Addison for Periodical Composition. Enumeration of the Periodical Papers which were written during the publication of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. Essay 2. Observations on the Periodical Papers which were written between the close of the eighth volume of the *Spectator* and the commencement of the *Rambler*; with some general remarks on their tendency and complexion.

Part II.—Essay 1. The literary Life of Dr. Johnson. Appendix No. 1 and No. 2. Essay 2. The literary Life of Dr. Hawkesworth.

Part III.—Essay 1. Sketches, Biographical and Critical, of the occasional Contributors to the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler*. Essays 2 and 3. The same continued and concluded.

Part IV.—Essay 1. Observations on the Periodical Papers which were written during and between the publication of the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler*. Essay 2. Observations on the Periodical Papers which have been published between the close of the *Idler* and the present period. Essay 3. The same concluded.

Part V.—Conclusion of the whole work. Table of Periodical Papers, from the year 1709 to 1809.

There cannot well be a more decisive proof that Dr. Drake has fallen upon a portion of our literary history very little known, and that he has exercised a laudable industry of research concerning it, than the fact, that he has been enabled to enumerate nearly thirty periodical works, which appeared within five years, and contemporary with those of Steele and Addison. It may be an object of some little curiosity to know how *titles* only, to say nothing of sense, could be found for so many, and therefore we transcribe the list: *Re-tatler*, *Condoler*, *Female Tatler*, *Tory Tatler*, *Tell-Tale*, *Gazette à-la-Mode*, *Tatling Harlot*, *Whisperer*, *General Postscript*, *Monthly Amusement*, by Ozell, *Monthly Amusement*, by Hughes, *Tatler*, vol. 5. *Tit for Tat*, *Tatler*, by Baker, *Tatler*, anony-

gious, Annotations on the Tatler, Visions of Sir Heister Ryley, Growler, Examiner, Whig Examiner, Medley, Observer, Tatler, published at Edinburgh, Rambler, Englishman, Lay Monastery, Mercator, British Merchant, Rhapsody, Historian, High-German Doctor.

‘Such and so numerous,’ says Dr. D. ‘were the periodical compositions that attempted to imitate and to rival the essays of Steele and Addison, whilst the town was yet daily receiving their elegant contributions. That they completely failed in their design, is evident, from the circumstance that not one of them, with the exception of the Lay Monastery, can be read with any degree of interest or pleasure; and even this small volume is so neglected and obscure, that it is now procured with much difficulty.’

‘It was a step, indeed, fatal to the reputation and longevity of the greater number of the authors of these productions, that, when they found themselves incompetent to contend with their prototypes in wit, humour, and literature, they endeavoured to attract attention by depreciating and abusing what they could not imitate, and by presenting a copy which retained all the defects in caricature, and scarcely any of the beauties of the original.’

The sentence thus pronounced is avowed to be after a careful examination of the greatest number of the works enumerated: a few of them Dr. D. has not been able to procure; and the privilege of inspecting the inanity or scurrility of many of the rest, appears to have been obtained with considerable difficulty. It will never, probably, be sought again; and a real obligation is conferred on the public, in the labour expended by a man of approved judgment to qualify himself to inform them from what labours they may take a perpetual exemption. It is at the same time an ungracious reflection, that our ancestors, a century back, should, within a single five years, have sustained so much mischief to their notions, tastes, and even morals, as must unavoidably have been caused by such a swarm of works which it is worth while for only just one man of their posterity to read, and that for the purpose of telling his contemporaries what foolish people there were in those times. In favour, however, of the people of those times, so contemptible in point of sense and good principles, when compared with our own, it is right to mention, that several of the works recounted had a very short run, some of them being compelled to end their series in a few months, or even weeks.—Very brief biographical notices accompany the list; the longest is that of Sir Richard Blackmore, who was the chief author of the Lay Monastery, of whose deserving character and indefatigable literary industry, Dr. D. takes proper account, while he dissents from Johnson’s favourable estimate of the poetical merits of the poem entitled the Creation.

The next Essay recounts and criticises the periodical publications which appear within the period, from the close of the *Spectator* to the commencement of the *Rambler*, amounting, exclusively of the minor periodical works of Steele and Addison, to no less than *fifty-six*, with a greater diversity of titles than those of the preceding period. The list contains a few, of which our author has not been fortunate enough to obtain a sight, and nearly all of them have followed their predecessors into total obscurity, though several are distinguished by Dr. D. as works of very considerable merit. The *Free-Thinker* is judged, though not with an emphatic sentence, to have made the nearest approach to the standard of Addison; the other works mentioned with preference are, *Cato's Letters*, *The Craftsman*, *Common Sense*, *The True Patriot*, in the political class; and in the miscellaneous, *The Universal Spectator*, *The Grub Street Journal*, *The Champion*, *The Female Spectator*, and *The Student*. In a class of an inferior kind, but of which some few parts merit a rescue from oblivion, are to be arranged *The Censor*, *the Plain Dealer*, *The Humourist*, *Terra Filius*, *The Fool*, and the Selections from Mist's and Fog's Journal.' The general retrospect of the periodical works of this second period, comprizing thirty-six years, concludes with a favourable testimony as to the prevailing moral quality of this branch of our literature.

'It must not be forgotten, that, with few exceptions, all the papers in this long interval, which have been written upon universal topics, upon men, manners, and morals, have in their general tendency been friendly to virtue, literature, and religion; and there are many excellent essays interspersed among them, which, were they collected into two or three volumes, would by such selection and approximation acquire a lustre and a value that cannot attach to them while distantly scattered, and overwhelmed amid inferior materials.'

In this stage of our author's progress, the biographical notices become somewhat more extended; and many particulars well worth preserving are related of Aaron Hill, Theobald, Trenchard and Gordon, the author of *Cato's Letters*, Dr. Sheridan, Fielding, Eliza Haywood the principal author of the *Female Spectator* and the *Parrot*, and of Amhurst, the writer of *Terra Filius*. The account of this last may afford some cause to more modern writing partizans of political bodies, to bless themselves at the improved gratitude and bounty of later statesmen in their private application of public money.

'To Nicholas Amhurst is to be ascribed this witty but intemperate work. He was a native of Marden in Kent, and was educated at Merchant-Taylor's school. At Oxford, owing to his irregularity and mis-

conduct, he gave great offence to the head of the College, and was ultimately expelled. His resentment was singularly violent; he published several pieces, in prose and verse, and among these the *Terræ Filius*, reflecting strongly on the discipline of the university, and on the character of its members.

Our author's expulsion took place about the year 1720, and, shortly after this event, he fixed in London, where he supported himself by the labours of his pen. He was a zealous whig, and an inveterate enemy to the clergy of high-church principles; he entered with alacrity, therefore, into a warfare against priestly power and tory politics; his "*Convocation*," a poem in five cantos, was written in defence of Bishop Hoadley; and he conducted "*The Craftsman*," with uncommon popularity and success, in opposition to the measures of Sir Robert Walpole. He was, nevertheless, cruelly neglected by his party, when, in the year 1742, they were admitted into power; an instance of ingratitude which so affected his health and spirits, that he survived the shock but a few months, and expired at Twickenham, April 27th, 1742, a martyr to his dependence on the promises of the great. "Poor Amhurst!" exclaims his friend Ralph, "after having been the drudge of his party for the best part of twenty years together, was as much forgotten in the famous compromise of 1742 as if he had never been born! and when he died of what is called a broken heart, which happened within a few months afterwards, became indebted to the charity of his very bookseller for a grave; not to be traced *now*, because *then* no otherwise to be distinguished than by the freshness of the turf, borrowed from the next common to cover it."—Mr. Amhurst was a man of powerful talents, but of strong passions; his imprudences were many, and his morals not correct; but nothing can justify the base desertion of his employers, who ascended to power through the medium of his exertions. V. I. p. 42.

The latter periodical work, the *Parrot*, of Mrs. Haywood, being published about the time of the trials and executions of the rebels of 1745, mentions many particulars concerning those unhappy persons; but certainly none more remarkable than the 'melancholy proof of female constancy and tenderness' recorded in the following passage, extracted by Dr. Drake.

'A young lady of a good family and handsome fortune, had, for some time, extremely loved and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unhappy gentlemen who suffered on Wednesday last at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or after condemnation found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

'I will not prolong the narrative by any repetition of what she suffered on sentence being passed upon him; none, excepting those utterly incapable of feeling any soft or generous emotions, but may conceive her agonies; beside, the sad catastrophe will be sufficient to convince you of their sincerity.

Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her, and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled, which was to consume that heart she knew so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances her friends had apprehended; but when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out,—*My dear, I follow thee,—Lord Jesus receive both our souls together*, fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking." V. I. p. 98.

Dr. Drake has regarded this long and close succession of periodical works, from the end of Addison's to the commencement of Johnson's, as little better than a row of stepping stones across the mud and water at the bottom between the base of one great eminence and that of another immediately opposite; for he observes that, 'in the arrangement of our classical essayists, though a period of thirty-six years intervenes, the Rambler must ever immediately follow the close of the Guardian.'

The 'Literary Life of Johnson,' now begins, and occupies the whole remainder of the first volume. It is very properly explained by Dr. D. on what ground he deems himself authorized to invite the public attention to a *new* life, after the distinguished subject has been already exhibited in such a multiplicity of memoirs and anecdotes.

* So numerous have they been that with regard to the occurrences of his life and conversation, nothing new can be expected. But when he is considered merely in the capacity of a man of letters, the field is still open for novelty of remark and variety of illustration. I have therefore chiefly confined myself to the contemplation of his literary character, into which I have entered, I trust, more fully than will be found in any preceding work. The arrangement too, which has been chosen for the narrative, has not, I have reason to think, been anticipated, and removes the monotony resulting from a close adherence to chronological order. The capital work, for instance, in every province of literature which he embellished, is seized, as it occurs, in the progress of his career, for the foundation of a full consideration of whatever, at any period of his life, he produced under each department. In this mode his powers and productions as a poet, a bibliographer, a biographer, an essayist, a philologist, a novellist, a commentator, a politician, a tourist, a critic, an epistolary writer, and a theologian, are dwelt upon at great length. Preface, p. ii.

He has, nevertheless, introduced a very considerable portion of biography, strictly so called, and therefore has, so far, related over again what had been often related before. He has done it, however, with neatness and spirit. He has not clum-

sily thrown it in, in detached masses, merely to fill up space, but has interwoven with much address what exhibited the man with what distinguished the author. Perhaps indeed it ought to be acknowledged that he has introduced but little more of a purely biographical nature than was indispensable to the continuity of the literary history and estimates, and to shew how the qualities of the man affected the literary workmanship.

We think that sensible readers will have little difficulty in coinciding generally with Dr. Drake's opinions on the genius and works of Johnson. Indeed few of our distinguished writers have so soon taken a fixed position in the ranks of superior mind by the general agreement of readers and critics. The features of his mind are presented in as bold, and hard, and unvarying a form, as the visage of the Egyptian sphinx, and every observer carries away nearly the same image. And though this is, to each later critic on Johnson, unfavourable for novelty and controversial discussion, Dr. D. may be sure of pleasing his readers much more by an agreement with their taste than he would if, deeming them wrong, he had had to advance ever so judicious novelties to set them right.

The estimate, however, of Johnson's powers as a poet, though it seems to settle the subject justly on the whole, and at last, is marked by some carelessnesses and excesses of phrase. In page 131 (V. I.) 'London' is pronounced 'the noblest moral poem in our language;' a few pages further on we are coldly told that 'as a moral and satiric bard, indeed, his (Johnson's) merit is considerable; but, &c.' p. 146. And a few lines lower Johnson is pronounced to be 'infinitely inferior to Dryden in ease and variety of melody, and to both Dryden and Pope in the energies of imagination.' And again, 'he had no relish for those wild and exquisite flashes of fancy which shoot with such unrivalled brilliancy along every line of *Comus* and the *Tempest*.' Besides the slight of truth in such extravagant phrases, it is peculiarly unjust, as well in criticism as in any other department, to exaggerate the greater when an invidious comparison is to be made. On Dr. D's. general adjudgment, however, of Johnson's rank among the poets, there will be little dissention: 'the never-failing vigour and compression of Johnson, united with very correct and splendid versification, have justly given him a high station in the third class of English poets, a station to which Addison is precluded a claim.'—There would probably be much less concurrence of opinion in any attempt to fix the limits of those classes, and decide what names each contains. In proposing his own distribution Dr. D. has done well to observe 'that much depends upon individual association, and consequent peculiarity of taste; for we should question

whether one individual among all his readers will accept his arrangement, without material alteration. Will it be believed that this arrangement places Butler, with all his force of intellect, his wit, his vividness of description and his wide command of imagery, in the third, that is the lowest of the three classes of which Mason, Grainger, &c. are in the second, and Cowper is in the first, with Spenser, Milton, &c. &c.

Our author appears to us very sensible and equitable in his free censure of Johnson's extreme illiberality and injustice in his estimates of some of the poets, and of his almost equal deviation from rectitude of judgment on the favourable side in his praise of the poetry of Savage, which the public never has been and never will be persuaded to admit into its approved literature, though certainly the utterly worthless and disgusting character of the man, even as delineated by his partial friend, and in some measure apologist, has combined with the indifference of his verses to provoke this total and irreversible rejection. Very justly too, Dr. Drake animadverts on the gross defect of judgment, more in the booksellers than in Johnson, though in some degree attributable to him also, in the selection of the poets whose lives he was engaged to write, that selection having admitted some names on much slighter claims than those which might have been made for others who are omitted.

In his observations on Johnson's labours in editing Shakespeare, he is led into a very pertinent remonstrance in the name of common sense, against the obstinate absurdity of editors in retaining among the great poet's performances, a number of dramas confessedly not his, and loaded too with the same bulk of annotations as the bard's own pieces.

'Why, in the name of common sense, should such plays as *Titus Andronicus*, and the *First Part of Henry the Sixth*, which are now clearly ascertained not to have a single sentence of Shakespeare in their composition, any longer be suffered to encumber and to enhance the price of his genuine productions? I would again enquire if any favour be conferred on the public by the insertion of plays among his works which were originally written by others, and which are in themselves truly contemptible; but have been attributed to Shakespeare merely because, in deference to the wretched taste of the times, he contributed to their ill-acquired popularity by the contribution of a score or two of lines or phrases? In this predicament stand *Love's Labour Lost*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Pericles Prince of Tyre*; productions which are a disgrace to the name of Shakespeare.' 'The originals of these miserable plays were, probably, according to the custom of the theatre at that period, placed by the manager in the hands of Shakespeare for the purpose of slight amendment; I call it *slight*, for, if from the first of these dramas about

fifty lines and the song at the close were withdrawn, nothing indicative of the genius of Shakespeare would remain. The Comedy of Errors, which has been partly taken, by some wretched playwright, from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, is still more intolerably stupid.' Vol. I. p. 592.

With regard to Johnson's artificial and too pompous stile, as displayed especially in the Rambler, it will easily be believed that Dr. Drake's censure of it is too forbearing, when it is found that his own words get into such positions relatively to one another as in the following instances; 'Of the *poemata* of Johnson, I know not that much can be said;—'No man than Johnson was a greater lover of truth.'—It would be well for authors to be reminded that time has now carried them too far away from under the mighty wing of Johnson to have any protection in the use of his dialect. And indeed we are very glad to see that our language is recovering fast from that temporary depravation which he and his imitators succeeded to a considerable extent in forcing upon it; at the same time that it will retain, we should hope, the benefit of that grammatical correctness, and that completeness in the organization of sentences, in which he so much surpassed all his predecessors. Notwithstanding, however, the too evident influence of this powerful and perverted style on that of Dr. Drake, he has retained a grammatical negligence which could not be pardoned, even if he had not had the benefit of so perfect an example of grammatical accuracy.

Every candid reader will agree with our author in attributing some portion of Johnson's perpetual horror of death to his wretchedly morbid mental and corporeal constitution; but at the same time, supposing (if we are correct in supposing) our author's opinion to be, that had his mind been less morbid it would have vanquished the fear of death on the ground of meritorious virtue, we own this would seem to us, after we have read Boswell's book, to imply no very high standard of morality in estimating his character, to say nothing of the erroneous theology. Surely no light share of culpability weighed on his conscience, and this powerfully combined with a melancholy temperament, to oppress a mind which had at the same time but very confused and unsatisfactory views of *another*, and the only ground on which death can rationally or safely be set at defiance. On this ground it is set at defiance by many of the very humblest persons on earth; and it must be owing to ignorance of such examples, as well as an inconsideration of a most essential article of the Christian faith, that Dr. D. can so easily and

positively pronounce, not only without any suspicion of error, but even without being apparently sensible of any thing gloomy and dismal in the assertion, that 'to be confident of acceptance hereafter would certainly be presumption.' Vol. I. p. 461.

We have not left ourselves space for any thing like an adequate notice of the long sequel of the work before us, and must be content to commend it strongly, in general terms, as a very entertaining miscellany of literary history and biography. The enumerated periodical works subsequent to the *Rambler* amount to considerably more than a hundred; and the entire list, beginning with the *Tatler*, which commenced April 12th, 1709, and ending with the *Burnisher*, published at the end of 1801, comprizes no less than *two hundred and twenty one*. The works marked as most distinguished since the *Rambler*, are the *Adventurer*, the *World*, the *Connoisseur*, the *Idler*, the *Mirror*, the *Lounger*, the *Observer*, and the *Looker-On*. In following down this train, in chronological order, though a period of half a century, with meritorious industry of research, and a pleasing vivacity of narration, our author has furnished a vast number of particulars which every reader will be glad to know, concerning a multitude of scholars, wits, and geniuses, of various magnitudes, some of whom have established themselves in permanent possession of the public knowledge and friendship, while others are likely to be indebted for any acquaintance or kindness they may recover and retain among us, much more to what has here been written by Dr. Drake, than to any thing they wrote or did themselves.

Art. XII. *Devout Meditations, from the Christian Oratory*, by the Rev. Benjamin Bennet; with an Introduction on retired Devotion in general: abridged and newly arranged in four parts, with Memoirs of the Author, by S. Palmer. 12mo. pp. xxii. 345. Gale, Curtis and Fenner, 1812.

THE venerable author of this edition of Bennet's *Christian Oratory* has already discovered his qualifications for this species of labour, by publishing several excellent devotional works, and abridgments, that have been very acceptable to the religious public. Of the present work, in its original state, Dr. Doddridge had said, 'It had been better had it been less;' and the author confessed himself, in his preface, that 'he had exceeded all due bounds.' Mr. Palmer has corrected many inaccuracies, pared away excrescences, condensed parts that were by far too diffuse, transposed some paragraphs, and even sections, and, by prefixing to the whole a short but satisfactory account of Mr. Bennet's life and character, made a portable volume, which all Christians, who wish to cherish a devotional spirit, will find it profitable to peruse.

Art. XIII. *The substance of a Conversation with John Bellingham*, the assassin of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, on Sunday, May 17, 1812, the day previous to his execution: together with some general remarks. By Daniel Wilson, A. M. Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row; and Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 60. Hatchard, 1812.

A Publication from this most excellent writer cannot fail of receiving a cordial welcome from all who have the slightest acquaintance with the few performances he has already given to the public; nor will the present very interesting pamphlet disappoint their expectations. The interview to which the title page refers took place, it appears, at the suggestion of a distinguished member of parliament, a friend of the late deeply lamented Chancellor of the Exchequer; and was undertaken on the part of Mr. W. from a truly benevolent Christian anxiety to awaken the mind of the prisoner to a sane contemplation of the question at issue between his passions and his conscience. So effectually, however, had he submitted to the former the strong workings of his powerful mind, that the latter appeared to be nearly extinct within him, and the impressive and evangelical appeals of his visitor were either repelled, evaded, or more frequently admitted with a quiet apathy of assent, which shewed most clearly the unmoved depravity of his heart. It is not practicable to abridge a conversation, of which every part bore directly upon the awful state of the criminal. He was pressed forcibly, faithfully, and eloquently, by his excellent monitor; but he was uniformly insensible—ready in his answers—and singularly apt in his references to Scripture. The following passage will serve to convey some idea of the extraordinary disposition of the criminal, and the earnest endeavours of the preacher to awaken him to a sense of his guilt.

‘ I thought it now proper, as every other mode of address had failed, and his last direful crime had been introduced, to turn the conversation towards it; and as I found he spoke on the subject with the same calm indifference and monstrous apathy as on the general topics of religion, I conceived I could not begin with any thing more calculated to soften him, than a most interesting and affecting circumstance with which I had been furnished the moment before I went to the prison. I accordingly told him I had an anecdote to relate to him, which was sufficient, I thought, to melt a heart of stone; and then read to him a letter, stating, that the afflicted Mrs. Perceval, with her orphan children, had knelt round the corpse of her murdered husband, and had put up earnest prayers to God for his murderer. “ Thus,” said I, “ while you, on a mere presumption of injury in your own mind, have assassinated a man who had never personally injured you, and whose amiable and benevolent character you cannot but acknowledge, his widowed partner, whose injuries from you are incalculably greater than any you can even pretend to have received from Mr. Perceval, has, in all the poignancy of her anguish, been offering up prayers to God on your behalf.”

‘ As I was standing up to read the letter by a dimly burning candle

against the wall of the cell, my friend took particular notice of the murderer's countenance, and distinctly observed, that, on hearing this touching account, he hung down his head for an instant (for he had before been stedfastly looking at us), as though he was much affected. He soon, however, resumed his former attitude, and said, as one recollecting himself, "This was a Christian spirit! she must be a good woman. Her conduct was more like a Christian's than my own, certainly." I cannot doubt that, though this answer was made nearly in his usual manner, and was in itself a proof of a deplorable impenitence, he was still at this instant convinced in his conscience of the abominable nature of his crime, and found some difficulty in suppressing the voice of truth.'

The comments which follow this statement are admirably appropriate. They are a kind of clinical lecture on a diseased heart. Indeed, this is, altogether, a remarkable and interesting document. It exhibits a singular instance of mental depravity, in a man whose talents, if rightly and perseveringly exerted, might make him respectable and happy; and yet in whose mild courtesy of manner, and tranquil, dignified demeanor, we seem rather to trace the conduct and character of the gentleman, than the desperate malignity of the assassin.

On a review of all the circumstances connected with this awful transaction, no doubt remains on our minds of the insanity of Bellingham—an insanity, however, which would not afford him any adequate defence at the public or the internal tribunal—an insanity induced and confirmed by the indulgence of bad and malignant passions.

Art. XIV. *Memoirs of the Caledonian Horticultural Society.* No. I. 1812, 8vo. price 3s. Longman and Co.

THIS Society appears to have been originally instituted in 1809, in imitation of the London Horticultural Society, the Earl of Dalkeith being appointed first president, and Sir James Hall, Dr. Ruthertford, Dr. Coventry, and Mr Hunter, vice-presidents. The members meet quarterly, for the purpose of reading communications, adjudging prizes, electing members, and of proposing a list both of the questions to be solved, and of the prizes for horticultural productions, suited to the seasons of the different meetings. As the utility to the public of such societies depends on the manner in which they are conducted, and their enquiries directed, it is gratifying that there is no reason to apprehend the Caledonian Horticultural Society will prove a mere gooseberry show. It has the intention, we find, from Dr. Duncan's Discourse, at the Quarterly Meeting, December 3, 1811, of putting proposed improvements to the test of experiment; a caution which the fondness of projectors for the offspring of their own fancy renders highly necessary, before such a society can recommend them to general adoption.

In the present number of the Society's memoirs, the two most important papers are, on the Disease in the Potato, but too well known by the name of the *Curl*; the former by Mr. T. Dickson, the latter by John Shirreff, Esq. Both admit the correctness of Mr. Knight's discovery,

that every mode of propagation, except by seed, is merely an extension of an individual, which must sooner or later become extinct; and consequently esteem the whole series of crops, raised from any given variety of potato, by cuttings, as different stages in the progress of that variety towards final decay. The curl appears to be analogous to the infirmity of old age. Mr. Shirreff therefore insists upon the well known preventive, of raising fresh stock from the seed; but Mr. Dickson gives some directions for prolonging the existence, at least for a limited period, of such as we already possess. He found that plants raised from cuttings, taken from the *dry* end of the potato, were more generally diseased, than when the cuttings had been taken from the *waxy* end, or that to which the radicle is affixed, and which is less matured than the other. Hence he inferred, that suffering the tubers to remain too long in the ground, was a means of hastening the disorder; and lays down the following rules:—

'1. To procure a sound, healthy, seed-stock, which cannot be relied on, unless obtained from a part of the high country, where, from the climate and other circumstances, the tubers are never over-ripened.

'2. To plant such potatoes as are intended to supply seed-stock for the ensuing season, at least a fortnight later than those planted for crop, and to take them up whenever the *haulm* or stems become of a yellow-green colour: at this period, the cuticle, or outer skin of the tubers, may be easily rubbed off between the finger and thumb.

'3. To prevent those plants that are intended to produce seed stock for the ensuing year, from producing flowers or seeds, by cutting them off in embryo, taking care, however, to take no more off than the extreme tops, as by taking more the crop may be injured.'

From the other essays, of minor importance, we only extract the following method of destroying or preventing the caterpillars that infest gooseberry-bushes. Should it prove effectual, it will well reward the trouble of trying the experiment.

'Collect as much drift *sea-weed* from the beach, when opportunity occurs, as will cover the gooseberry compartment to the depth of four or five inches. Lay it on in autumn. Let this covering remain untouched during the winter and early spring months. As the season advances, dig it in.'

Art. XV. *Witenham Hill, a descriptive Poem*, with Illustrations. By the Rev. T. Pentycross, M. A. late Rector of St. Mary, Wallingford. Third edition, 8vo. price 1s. (4to. 2s.). Wallingford, Bradford; Crosby and Co. 1812.

IT is perhaps more difficult to give interest to descriptive poetry than to any other species of composition: the constant recurrence of the same objects requiring a more than ordinary degree of taste and discrimination, to combine and vary, and of rich and vigorous versification, to make the verbal painting pleasing and effective. In some of these requisites, this poem is deficient. In reading some of the couplets, we could not but wish especially that the author's notion of the *language* of poetry had been a little more exalted.—For instance:

' Time, with his *hammer*, hath in pieces beat
The far-famed Choulsey's rich monastic seat—
In these same streets, ah ! now *the grass is grown*,
A town where fields, and fields where stood a town.' p. 9.

' O'er frozen streams and pits of ice she came,
By night—hard venture for so high a dame—
And, breathless, while she urged her trembling pace,
Winter's *sharp morsels cut her royal face*. . . . p. 8.

Altogether, however, this poem is the production of an amiable, if not of a highly poetic mind.

Art. XVI. *Pious Selections*, from the Works of Thomas à Kempis, Dr. Doddridge, Miss Bowdler, Sir J. Stonehouse, Bishop Sherlock, Mrs. Burnett, &c. &c. By Miss Marshall. 8vo. Price 5s. 6d. Hatchard, 1812.

WE are always disposed to give a cordial welcome to publications like the present. They revive the memory of departed excellence; and to those whose reading, from whatever circumstances of necessity or neglect, has been circumscribed, may supply not only matter for profitable meditation, but that deficiency in their acquisitions which has left them without the knowledge of our best moral and theological writers. With respect to the present compilation, it is enough for us to refer to the names quoted in the title, and to observe that the extracts in general seem to have been judiciously made.

Art. XVII. *Phædri Fabulæ*, in Usuni Scholarum expurgatæ. Cum Notis Anglicis, Studio C. Bradley, 12mo. Longman and Co. 1812.

WHERE the fables of Phædrus form part of the routine of a school, the present edition cannot but be useful. The text appears to be correct; and, without being so encumbered as to prevent the exercise of the pupil's faculties, is sufficiently elucidated to enable him to proceed with ease; while the external appearance is more pleasing than the generality of our classical school books.

Art. XVIII. *Two Sermons preached before the Friends and Supporters of the Protestant Dissenting Academy at Homerton*, on the Completion of the necessary Repairs, and Improvements of the Premises, on Wednesday, December 11, 1811. By Robert Winter, D. D. and William Bengo Collyer, D. D. 8vo. pp. 80. Conder, Black, &c. 1812.

WE have read these excellent and appropriate discourses with much satisfaction. The first, by Dr. Winter, from Ephesians, c. iv. v. 11 & 12 on 'the great importance of a holy and learned ministry,' is a most judicious exposition of the principles and arguments fairly deducible from the text; embracing an extensive scope of enquiry, and treating every point in question with sound reasoning and manly eloquence. Dr. Collyer's sermon is from the *same* text, with the addition of the following verse, but suffers nothing, in point either of interest or ability, from that

embarrassing coincidence. Without any ambitious display of oratorical decoration or arrangement, he describes, in a calm, serious, and impressive manner, 'the Gospel ministry, in its origin, design, and consummation.' A short extract from each of these discourses will suffice to confirm our recommendation of them.—

'No one can think correctly on the most important subjects in religion, unless his own mind is under the habitual and powerful influence of divine truth. He who merely speculates on those topics of inquiry which relate to the highest interests of sinful men, although to a certain extent his perceptions may be just and accurate, is destitute of those views of their individual and everlasting importance, which are conformable to the representations of the holy scriptures. Where this deficiency is justly attributed to a minister of the gospel, it is a most awful consideration, both on his own account, and on account of his hearers. An unconverted minister is in the most truly dangerous situation, which can be imagined under a profession of the gospel. All his statements of truth virtually condemn himself, for not yielding to its sanctifying and renewing power. And with regard to the probable influence of his ministry, it is scarcely to be imagined that the hearts of others should be warmed and renewed by the coldly correct statements which are placed before them, but which have never produced any corresponding effect on him who has presented them. To the views of a christian minister, decided habitual piety is of the highest importance.' *Dr. Winter's Sermon*, pp. 9, 10.

'The exertion of preaching is the least of its labours. The secret anxiety lest we should not acquit ourselves as we ought in the sight of God—the necessity of administering to others, whatever be our own circumstances, and whatever be the state of our minds—those passions of our own which we have to subdue, and those of others which we have to encounter—these are among the trials of this *work* of the ministry. To see some listening with listless apathy (if indeed they can be said to listen at all) to truths which Jesus taught, which he died to seal, which fill heaven with astonishment and with praises—to know that others go a way to disappoint all the hopes which we had formed, to violate all the professions which they had made, to "crucify the Lord afresh, and to put him to open shame," by a base conformity to the present evil world—to look over a field, in which we have laboured for years expecting in vain the springing of the seed which we have scattered with anxiety, and watered with tears—and to see it all waste and barren—to retire broken-hearted to the closet, and to complain, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"—these are among the trials of the *work* of the ministry. If a man have not patience to bear with the weak, and to instruct the ignorant; if he cannot consent to resign his own ease for the sake of others; if he fear to encounter calumny and reproach, from those who ought to strengthen his hands, and to establish his heart—let him not think of the ministry; for all these things must be endured and surmounted.' *Dr. Collyer's Sermon*, pp. 60, 61.

Both these gentlemen appear to have been educated at the Homerton Academy, and plead the cause of their Alma Mater with the warmth of filial gratitude.

Art. XIX. *German Extracts from the best German Authors ; with the English Words at the bottom of the Page, and a Dictionary at the End, for translating into English.* By George Crabb. Second Edition, 12mo. Boosey.

TO those who have wished to cultivate an acquaintance with the German, it has long been matter of serious inconvenience, that there is not a judicious collection of extracts from the classical writers in that language. This defect is now in some measure supplied by the little volume before us ; since it is a selection, made with some judgment, from those authors which, though of a wholesome quality, are, from their scarcity or bulk, or expensiveness, not within reach of the student, as well as from the salutary and innocent parts of those, who have debased the fruit of their genius by a large infusion of vice and irreligion. But while to this we add, that it is printed with tolerable accuracy, we must say, that the paper and type are mean and beggarly in the extreme ; and that the mistakes in the use of the long and short s, with other similar anglicisms, give it a singularly old-fashioned and grotesque appearance.

Art. XX. *The dreadful Sin of Suicide ; a Sermon preached at the Rev. Dr. Wiunter's Meeting House, New Court, Carey Street, January 9th, 1812, before the Monthly Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches.* By George Clayton. 8vo. pp. 70. Black and Co.

IT has often been matter of the greatest astonishment to us, that men of talent should have thought it a worthy exercise of their powers, to employ them in the attempt to diminish the horror which the sane mind must always feel in the contemplation of the crime of self-destruction. Were there no other reason to be urged against it, than that it is, at best, an action of tremendous risk and responsibility, this alone would be decisive against the experiment. Yet Hume taxed his characteristic subtlety, for arguments in its defence, and Montesquieu vindicated it, in a string of eloquent epigrams. These men were, we are persuaded, actuated merely by the contemptible ambition of distinguishing themselves as the able supporters of a dazzling but shameful paradox ; and have probably sacrificed many a deluded, but immortal spirit, to their disgusting and malignant selfishness.

The subject of this sermon is at once dangerous and enticing. Nothing is more easy than to overwhelm it with declamatory common places ; few things less so than to treat it with skill, delicacy, and decision. It is the merited praise of Mr. Clayton, that he has successfully atchieved a task of considerable difficulty. For his text he has chosen Acts xvi. 28 ; and in discoursing upon it, he considers the criminality of suicide—enumerates the causes and occasions by which men are ordinarily impelled to the commission of it—and adduces some considerations to enforce the apostolic dissuasion. As a specimen of the style of this discourse, we insert the following animated expostulation :

1. ‘ Consider that the animated structure of the human frame is the curious and exquisite workmanship of God. “ The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the

breath of life, and man became a living soul. It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. Let us make man, said he, in our image, in our own likeness. He upholdeth our soul in life; for in him we live, and move, and have our being." I am "fearfully and wonderfully made," and am I at liberty impiously to demolish the admirable mechanism of God? Who would possess the temerity, if he had the power, to annihilate the universe? Who would presume to quench the sun in the firmament—to blot the moon from her orbit—to scatter the stars of heaven—to dry up the waters of the ocean—and dissolve the fabric of the globe? And if no such extravagant enterprize can be harboured, for a moment, even in distant thought, with respect to the *great* world, why shouldst thou, O man, take injurious freedoms with thyself—a world of wonders—a world in miniature? Who gave thee permission to quench that eloquent eye in the darkness of death? By what warrant dost thou reduce those active limbs to an incapacity for motion and exertion? Who granted thee licence to dissolve the earthly house of thy tabernacle with thine own hands? Touch, at thy peril, a single pin. Loosen, if thou darest, the minutest cord. Are not the ravages of time alone sufficiently expeditious? Revere thyself; thou art an awful, a mysterious compound—thou art the resemblance of thy God.—Do thyself no harm.

The metaphysical note does not quite please us. The positions are probably correct, but Mr. Clayton's 'unknown friend' does not seem to state them in the best and most connected way. The double anecdote at pp. 66—69, is most interesting and impressive.

AN. XXI. *The Life and Administration of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval*; including a copious Narrative of every Event of Importance, foreign and domestic, from his Entrance into public Life to the present Times; a Detail of his Assassination, &c. &c.; with the probable Consequences of the sudden Overthrow of the Remains of his Administration, &c. &c.; and a Developement of the Delicate Investigation. By Charles Verulam Williams, Esq. 12mo. pp. 328. Price 6s. Sherwood, 1812.

ONE of those pieces of literary manufacture which regularly make their appearance on the death of any celebrated personage. Charles Verulam Williams, Esquire, at an astonishing expence of labour and intellect, has ransacked those recondite and unerring sources of political intelligence, the newspapers; and none, we are persuaded, but those who have been so fortunate as to obtain a glimpse of the scarce records referred to, can congratulate himself on being in full possession of the contents of this volume.

AN. XXII. *Anecdotes of Children and Young Persons*. 12mo. Williams. 1812.

THE piety and good intentions of the compiler of these pages, are unquestionable; but, unfortunately, they manifest so egregious a want of judgement and taste, that it is impossible to give them the praise which the design, if better executed, would have deserved.

Art. XXIII. *An Essay on the Authenticity of the New Testament, with an Account of the ancient Versions, and some of the principal Greek Manuscripts.* By I. F. Gyles, Esq. A. M. 8vo. pp. 112. Hatchard, 1812.

THAT the books of the New Testament were written by the persons to whom they are usually ascribed, is a proposition of which no one, who has been at the trouble to read what has been said in proof of it, by Lardner, Paley, Less, Michaelis, Gregory, and a host of inferior authors, can entertain the smallest doubt. To attempt to improve or to alter their reasoning, would be worse than trifling, were there not a great multitude of persons too busy or too indolent to work through an ordinary volume. The benefit of this respectable, because numerous class of the community, Mr. Gyles has studied in the present Essay. His object was to comprise, in the compass of an hour's reading, some important arguments for the genuineness of the New Testament, with as much general information on the subject as could be condensed into the proposed limits. The topics on which he insists, are, the ancient versions and manuscripts, the testimony of the early adversaries and abettors of christianity, and the style of the New Testament. Mr. Gyles has done just what he proposed; being quick and conclusive. Each of the circumstances which he has noticed, though cogent in itself, is more than doubly so, when combined with its fellows. If, therefore, the Greek and Latin quotations were entirely omitted, and if the facts from which our author reasons, after being properly explained and enriched with several important circumstances, which may be found, for instance, in the ninth chapter of the first part of Paley's *View of the Evidences of Christianity*, were made to bear on the point, with concentrated force, this Essay would, it seems to us, be somewhat improved.—A word is enough to the wise.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Art. XXIV. *Kosmologische Geschichte der Natur, &c.* Cosmological History of Nature, especially of the Mineral and Vegetable Kingdoms. By M. de Hagen. 8vo. pp. 340. Heidelberg.

THERE is something so whimsical in several of these writer's, 'cosmological' speculations, that a short account of them may amuse if it does not edify. Indeed his performance furnishes one of the most remarkable instances that has fallen under our notice, of the reveries in which it is possible for a modern *philosophes* to indulge.

It is well known that the ancients regarded the earth and the other planets of the system, her neighbours, as *animals*. Some years ago the French *savans* revived this doctrine; and having revived it they forthwith bestirred themselves in its support and defence, *con amore*. Desandrais insisted that the terrestrial globe was an animal *sui generis*; which Patrin explained by demonstrating that it had an *organic action*: not, indeed, that its organization was precisely that of an animal, nor would he venture to pledge himself that it was strictly speaking that of a vegetable; but it was that of a world. Even de la Metherie, in his *Principles of Natural Philosophy* adopted this hypothesis and included in

all great globes. The sun—the planets—their secondaries—all were animated; all were animals of particular species. M. de Hagen has greatly improved on this most simple theory. He attributes to the sun, for instance, a generative faculty; and he divides the planets and comets into male and female. This indeed is something worth knowing; and is evidently a most important addition to the discoveries of his predecessors. Mercury in conjunction with Venus and the earth, becomes, if we may credit the report of M. de Hagen, the principle of corporization; the Earth *per se*, is the principle of liberty; and Venus the principle of perfection.

After this discovery, we shall certainly think it our duty to watch the motions of these planets very narrowly: for perhaps it may be found, that all the appearances of comets have been subsequent to the conjunction of the 'principles of corporization,' and consequent on the efflux thence emanating. Herachell supposes that comets may in time become planets; and that after a sufficient number of revolutions, in which they may learn somewhat of the duties they will have to fulfil in more regular orbits—supposing them to be endowed with animation, &c. M. de Hagen insists—they may be admitted to their places in the planetary chorus. In short, comets are young planets; a proposition which we should not hesitate to defend against all opposers, if we were not somewhat dismayed by the vigour with which our author asserts—not advert- ing to the support his theory would derive from this hypothesis—that comets are *old* planets. He thinks, however, that they retain the principles of their own peculiar vitality; and that they possess an atmosphere infinitely more active, as well as more extensive than that of planets, on which account they possess a very powerful moral influence over the earth and other *stationaries*. He infers, that, this being proved, the approach of a comet should fill us with a reverential dread and awe, not to say apprehension and terror; feelings extremely different from those which they would tend to excite, if they were sent abroad merely to see the world, (as our unlicked countrymen formerly were on the Grand Tour) before they took their seats among their elders and betters, in the planetary *wittenagemote*.

Not to leave his system imperfect, our author enters into a comparison of the planets with the metals and minerals; and exhilarating it is to think, that while the number of the planetary offspring continues to increase, by means of the faculties and principles already described, the number of metals and minerals increases also, it may be confidently hoped in a proportion amply sufficient to answer all the requisitions and purposes—of this comparison. Whether our author be perfectly correct in comparing the moon to sulphur, and comets to phosphorus, we must leave our readers to determine: And as the whole subject is rather of a conjectural nature, it may perhaps be allowed us to hint a doubt whether M. de Hagen has not sent his volume of 340 pages into the world (somewhat like the juvenile planets of which we have been speaking) to give occasion to wise remarks and rational reflections. In this, however, we must beg his pardon if we disappoint him; for whatever be our veneration for his theory, in our humble opinion the addition of rational reflections, would spoil it completely.

ART. XXV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

••• *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

An octavo volume of Nine Original Sermons of Dr. Watts's, which have never before appeared in print, is in great forwardness, and accompanied with a preface by Dr. J. P. Smith, of Romerton, will be published shortly by Gale, Curtis and Feinier.

An edition of the works of the late Rev. Wm. Romayne, including Original Letters, and his Correspondence, in six octavo volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Ivimey is preparing a second volume of his History of the English Baptists.

In the press, 'Observations designed as a Reply to Thoughts of Dr. Maltby on the dangers of circulating the Scriptures among the lower orders,' by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow.

Speedily will be published, an Account of the Proceedings of the Public Meeting held at the Mansion House, on Thursday the 7th of August, for the purpose of establishing an Auxiliary Bible Society for the City of London, with a Report of the Speeches.

A Continuation of Dr. Nash's History of Worcestershire is said to be in preparation.

The third volume of Manning and Bray's Surrey, and the third volume of Hutchins's Dorsetshire, are fast advancing through the press.

Robert Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, is preparing for the press a History of the County of Durham. The work will, by means of a liberal subscription for the purpose, be illustrated by engravings of the most curious specimens of ancient architecture in the county, and portraits of a few of the most distinguished men.

Mr. Clutterbuck has made great progress in his History of Hertfordshire, and the work will speedily be put into the hands of the printer.

The Rev. W. B. Daniel will speedily publish a supplementary volume to his Rural Sports.

In the press, an Introduction to a Systematic Education, in the various departments of Polite Literature and Science, with practical rules for the best methods of studying each branch of useful knowledge, and directions to the most approved authors. By the Rev. Wm. Shepherd, Author of the Life of Poggio Bracciolini; and the Rev. J. Joyce. Illustrated with plates by Lowry. In two volumes octavo.

The Editor of 'Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine,' has in the press, in two octavo volumes, a collection of curious and interesting letters, translated from the originals in the Bodleian Library, with biographical and literary illustrations.

A second edition of Sir John Cullen's History of Hawstead, with corrections and additions, is printing in an elegant style, and will appear early in the winter.

The Travels of Professor Lichtenstein in Southern Africa, during the years 1803, 4, 5, and 6, are nearly ready for publication. They are translating from the German by Miss Anne Plumtre, and will form one volume in quarto, accompanied by engravings from drawings taken on the spot.

A new edition of Sir George Stuart Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland is in considerable forwardness.

In the course of the present month a new work will be published, in three volumes octavo, illustrated with maps, under the title of Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, or Historical Narratives of the most noted calamities and providential deliverances, which have resulted from maritime enterprise, with a sketch of the various expedients for preserving the lives of mariners.

The first number of Dr. Farre's Morbid Anatomy of the Liver will appear in the course of next month. The work will be in atlas quarto, illustrated by highly finished coloured engravings.

Mr. de Luc has two more volumes of Geological Travels ready for the press.

Mr. Wm. Jaques, of Chelsea, has in the press, in an octavo volume, a Guide to the Reading and Study of the Holy Scriptures, with an illustrative supplement; translated from the Latin of Augustus Herman Franck, with a life of the author, critical notes, and a notation of books proper for the biblical student.

The Rev. Mr. Anstie, of Bridport will publish, early in the present month, a small tract entitled a Reformed Communion Office for the administration of the Christian Eucharist, commonly called the Lord's Supper, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, an Introductory Discourse, explaining the true nature and design of the Lord's Supper.

John France, Esq. has in the press, a View of the Law and Course of Parliament before the commencement of the two Journals.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin has, in a state of forwardness, a metrical History of England, in two octavo volumes.

In the press, the Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, of sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder, and of uncertain authors, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth; accompanied with notes, critical, historical, and biographical accounts of the several writers. By the Rev. G. F. Nott, in two volumes octavo.

Omniana. By Robert Southey, in two volumes 12mo. is nearly ready for publication.

In the press, Lex Mercatoria Rediviva; or a complete code of Commercial Law; being a general guide to all men in business. By the late Wyndham Beawes. The sixth edition, very

considerably improved. By Joseph Chitty, Esq. In two volumes quarto.

Mr. Clater, of Retford, will shortly publish a new edition of his work on the diseases of horned cattle and sheep.

Speedily will be published, in three volumes, octavo, the second edition of a System of Mineralogy; comprehending Oryctognosie, Geognosie, Mineralogical Geography, Chemical Mineralogy, and Economical Mineralogy. By Robert Jameson, F. R. and A. S. Edin. F. L. S. &c. &c.

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